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## HALF A ROGUE

BY HAROLD MACGRATH

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CHAPTER I.

as Warrington's invariable habit
no business or social engage-
pressed him to go elsewhere—to
nto a certain quaint little restau-
ust off Broadway for his dinners.
out of the way; the throb and
of the great commercial artery
e like the far-off murmur of the
estful rather than annoying. He
made it a point to dine alone,
urbed. The proprietor nor his
ffooted waiters had the slightest
who Warrington was. To them
s simply a profitable customer
ignified that he dined there in
to be alone. His table was up
Below, there was always the
dinner crowd till theatre time;
e music had the faculty of lur-
s thoughts astray, being, as he
onder of music than of work. As
ter of fact, it was in this little
rant that he winnowed the day's
revamped scenes, trimmed the
edges of his climaxes, revised
pigram or rejected this or that
ll on the backs of envelopes and
margins of newspapers. In his
t his bachelor apartments, he
d; but here he dreamed, usually
the soothing opalescent veil of
ne Nicotine.

t a mravelous thing a good af-
ner cigar is! In the smoke of it
or man sees his ships come in,
et sees his muse beckoning with
full of largess, the millionaire
s to his early struggles, and the
sees his divinity in a thousand
ul poses.

ght, however, Warrington's ci-
as without magic. He was out of
Things had gone wrong at the
sal that morning. The star had
ded the removal of certain lines
gave the climax of the third act.
d labored a whole month over
limax, and he revolted at the
t of changing it to suit the
of a capricious woman.
ybody had agreed that this cli-
as the best the young dramatist
et constructed. A critic who had
nvited to a reading had declared
t lacked little of being great.
t this late hour the star wanted
nged in order to bring her alone
lime-light! It was preposterous.
arrington was on the first wave
pularity, the business manager
e stage manager both agreed to
the matter wholly in the dramat-
ands. He resolutely declined to
a single alteration in the scene.
was a fine storm. The star de-
that if the change was not made
e she would leave the company.
king this declaration she knew
rength. Her husband was rich;
tract was nothing to her. There
ot another actress of her ability
found; the season was too late.
was not another woman avail-
nor would any other manager
ne. As the opening performance
but two weeks hence, you will
why Warrington's mood this
was anything but amiable.
scowled at his cigar. There was
something, some sacrifice to
and seldom for art's sake. It is
ry well to witness a play from
ther side of the footlights; ev-
ng appears to work out so
hly, easily and without effort.
is phenomenon is due the ama-
dramatist—because it looks sim-
A play is not written, it is built,
house. In most cases the dra-
is simply the architect. The
st has comparatively an easy
o travel. The dramatist is beset
all sides, now the business man-
that is to say, the box-office—
he stage manager, now the star,
he leading man or woman. Jeal-
green eyes peer from behind
scene. The dramatist's ideal,
finally presented to the public,
bles those mutilated marbles
decorate the museums of Rome
Naples. Only there is this differ-
the public can easily imagine
the sculptor was about, but sel-
he dramatist.
rington was a young man, toler-
good-looking, noticeably well set
When they have good features, a
chin and a generous nose, clean-
men are good to look at. He
ne eyes, in the corners of which
lurked mirth and mischief; for
essed above all things an inex-
ble fund of dry humor. His
eldom provoked rough laughter;
silent chuckles.
rington's scowl abated none. In
ss, women were generally nuis-
they were always taking im-
e stands. He would find some
out; he was determined not to
to the imperious fancies of an
however famous she might be.
will you aid a lady in dis-
The voice was tremulous, but
in tone as the diapason of an

rington looked up from his
to behold a handsome young
standing at the side of his
Her round, smooth cheeks were
d, and on the lower lids of her
id dark eyes tears of shame
ed and threatened to fall. Be-
her stood a waiter, of impassive
nance, who was adding up the
on a check, his movement full
gestion.
dramatist understood the sit-
at once. The young lady had
d dinner, and having eaten it,
that she could not pay for it. It
o say the least, a trite situation.
hat can a man do when a pretty
approaches him and pleads
sistance? So Warrington rose.
hat may the trouble be?" he
coldly, for all that he instantly
lized her to be a person of
ng and refinement.
I have lost my purse, and I
no money to pay the waiter."
ade this confession bravely and
y.
looked about. They were alone.
interpreted his glance rather
dly.
ere were no women to appeal
he waiter refused to accept my
and I really can't blame him.
not even the money to send a
ger home."
of the trembling tears escaped
olled down the blooming cheek.
gton surrendered. He saw
his was an exceptional case. The
as truly in distress. He knew
ew York thoroughly; a man or
n without funds is treated with
nished cruelty with which the
Romans amused themselves
the Christians. Lack of money
e person creates incredulity in
er. A penniless person is in-
by a liar and a thief. Only one
person is pitied in New York;
rson who has more money than
he can possibly spend.
girl fumbled in hre handbag
roduced a card, which she gave
arrington—"Katherine Challon-
He looked from the card to the
girl and then back to the card. Some-
how, the name was not wholly unfa-
miliar, but at that moment he could
not place it.

"Waiter, let me see the check," he
said. It amounted to two dollars and
ten cents. Warrington smiled.
"Scarcely large enough to cause all
this trouble," he added reassuringly.
"I will attend to it."

The waiter bowed and withdrew.
So long as the check was paid he did
not care who paid it.

"Oh, it is so horribly embarrass-
ing! What must you think of me?"
She twisted her gloves with a nervous
strength which threatened to rend
them.

"May I give you a bit of friendly
advice?" he asked.

She nodded, hiding the fall of the
second tear.

"Well, never dine alone in public;
at any rate, in the evening. It is not
wise for a woman to do so. She sub-
jects herself to any number of em-
barrassments."

She did not reply, and for a mo-
ment he believed that she was about
to break down completely. He aim-
lessly brushed the cigar ashes from
the tablecloth. He hated a scene in
public. In the theatre it was differ-
ent; it was a part of the petty round
of business to have the leading lady
burst into tears when things didn't
suit her. What fools women are in
general! But the girl surprised him
by holding up determinedly, and
sinking her white teeth into her lips
to smother the sob which rose in her
throat.

"Be seated," he said, drawing out
the opposite chair.

A wave of alarm spread over her
face. She clasped her hands.

Warrington interrupted her by giv-
ing her his card, which was address-
ed. She glanced at it through a blur
of tears, then sat down. He shrugged
his shoulders slightly; his vanity was
touched. There was then, a young
woman in New York who had not
heard of Richard Warrington.

"In asking you to be seated," he
explained, "it was in order that you
might wait in comfort while I dis-
patched a messenger to your home.
Doubtless you have a brother, a
father, or some male relative, who
will come at once to your assist-
ance." Which proved that Warring-
ton was prudent.

But instead of brightening as he
expected she would, she straightened
in her chair, while her eyes widened
with horror, as if she saw something
frightful in perspective.

What the deuce could be the mat-
ter now? he wondered, as he witness-
ed this inexplicable change.

"No, no! You must not send a
messenger!" she protested.

"But——"

"No, no!" tears welling into her
beautiful eyes again. They were beau-
tiful, he was forced to admit.

"But," he persisted, "you wished
the waiter to do so. I do not under-
stand." His tone became formal
again.

"I have reasons. Oh, heavens! I
am the most miserable woman in all
the world!" She suddenly bowed her
head upon her hands and her shoul-
ders rose and fell with silent sobs.

Warrington stared at her, dumb-
founded. Now what? He glanced
cautiously around as if in search of
some avenue of escape. The waiter,
ever watchful, assumed that he was
wanted, and made as though to ap-
proach the table; but Warrington
warned him off. All distrust in the
girl vanished. Decidedly she was in
great trouble of some sort, and it
wasn't because she could not pay a
restaurant check. Women—and espe-
cially New York women—do not shed
tears when a stranger offers to settle
for their dinner checks.

"If you will kindly explain to me
what the trouble is," visibly embar-
rassed, "perhaps I can help you.
Have you run away from home?" he
asked.

A negative nod.

"Are you married?"

Another negative nod.

Warrington scratched his chin.
"Have you done anything wrong?"

A decided negative shake of the
head. At any other time the gestic-
ulation of the ostrich plume, so close
to his face, would have amused him;
but there was something eminently
pathetic in the diapasm which drifted
toward him from the feather.

"Come, come; you may trust me
thoroughly. If you are afraid to re-
turn home alone——"

He was interrupted by an affirma-
tive nod this time. Possibly, he con-
jectured, the girl had started out to
elope and had fortunately paused at
the brink.

"Will it help you at all if I go home
with you?" he asked.

His ear caught a muffled "Yes."

Warrington beckoned to the waiter.
"Order a cab at once," he said.

The waiter hurried away, with
visions of handsome tips.

Presently the girl raised her head
and sat up. Her eyes dark as shad-
ows in still waters, glistened.

"Be perfectly frank with me; and
if I can be of service to you, do not
hesitate to command me." He eyed
her thoughtfully. Everything attach-
ed to her person suggested elegance.
Her skin was as fine as vellum; her
hair had a dash of golden bronze in
it; her hands were white and shapely,
and the horn on the tips of the fingers
shone rosily. Now, what in the world
was there to trouble a young woman
who possessed these favors, who wore
jewels on her fingers and sable on
her shoulders? "Talk to me just as
you would to a brother," he added
presently.

"You will take this ring," she said
irrelevantly. She slipped a fine sap-
phire from one of her fingers and
pushed it across the table.

"And for what reason?" he cried.

"Security for my dinner. I can
not accept charity," with a hint of
hauteur which did not in the least
displease him.

"But, my dear young woman, I
can not accept this ring. You have
my address. You may send the sum
whenever you please. I see no rea-
son why, as soon as you arrive home,
you can not refund the small sum of
two dollars and ten cents. It appears
to me very simple."

"There will be no one at home not
even the servants," wearily.

Warrington's brows came together.
Was the girl fooling him, after all?
But for what reason?

"You have me confused," he ad-
mitted. "I can do nothing blindly.
Tell me what the trouble is."

"How can I tell you, an absolute
stranger? It is all so frightful, and
I am so young!"

Frightful? Young? He picked up
his half-finished cigar, but immedi-
ately let it fall. He stole a look at
his watch; it was seven.

"Oh I know what you must think
of me," despairingly. "Nobody be-
lieves in another's real misfortune in
this horrid city. There are so many
fraudulent methods used to obtain
people's sympathies that every one
has lost trust. I had no money when
I entered here; but outside it was so
dark. Whenever I stopped, wonder-
ing where I should go, men turned
and stared at me. Once a policeman
peered into my face suspiciously.
And I dared not return home, I dared
not! No, no; I promise not to em-
barrass you with any more tears."
She brushed her eyes with a rapid
movement.

Warrington's success as a dramatist
was due largely to his interest in all
things that passed under his notice.
Nothing was too trivial to observe.
The tragic threads of human life,
which escaped the eyes of the passing
many or were ignored by them, always
aroused his interest and attention;
and more than once he had picked up
one of these threads and followed it
to the end. Out of these seemingly
insignificant things he often built one
of those breathless, nerve-gripping
climaxes which had, in a few years'
time, made him famous. In the pres-
ent case he believed that he had stum-
bled upon something worthy his inves-
tigation. This handsome young wo-
man, richly dressed, who dared not go
home, who had jewels but no money
—there was some mystery surround-
ing her, and he determined to find out
what it was. And then, besides, for all
that he was worldly, he was young
and still believed in his Keats.

"If, as you say, there is no one at
your home, why do you fear to go
there?" he asked, with some remnant
of caution.

"It is the horror of the place,"
shuddering; "the horror!" And in-
deed, at that moment, her face ex-
pressed horror.

"Is it some one dead?" lowering his
voice.

"Dead?" with a flash of cold anger
in her eyes. "Yes—to me, to truth, to
honor; dead to everything that should
make life worth the living. Oh, it is
impossible to say more in this place, to
tell you here what has happened this
day to rob me of all my tender illu-
sions. This morning I awoke happy,
my heart was light; now, nothing but
shame and misery!" She hid her eyes
for a space behind the back of her
hand.

"I will take you home," he said
simply.

"You trust me?"

"Why not? I am a man, and can
take care of myself."

"Thank you!"

What a voice! It possessed a mar-
velous quality, low and penetrating,
like the voices of great singers and
actresses. Any woman with such a
voice . . .

Here the waiter returned to an-
nounce that a cab awaited them in
the street below. Warrington paid
the two checks, dropped a liberal tip,
rose and got into his coat. The girl
also rose, picked up his card, glanced
carelessly at it, and put it into her
hand-bag—a little gold-link affair
worth many dinners. It was the voice
and these evidences of wealth, more
than anything else, that determined
Warrington. Frauds were always per-
petrated for money, and this exquisite
creature had a small fortune on her
fingers.

Silently they left the restaurant,
entered the cab, and went rolling out
into Broadway. Warrington, repress-
ing his curiosity, leaned back against
the cushions. The girl looked dully
ahead.

What manner of tragedy was about
to unfold itself to his gaze.

The house was situated in Central
Park, West. It was of modern archi-
tecture, a residence such as only rich
men can afford to build. It was in ut-
ter gloom; not a single light could be
seen at any window. It looked, in-
deed, as if tragedy sat enthroned with-
in. Warrington's spine wrinkled a bit
as he got out of the cab and offered
his hand to the girl.

Mute and mysterious as a sphinx,
the girl walked to the steps, not even
looking around to see if he was com-
ing after her. Perhaps she knew the
power of curiosity. Without hesitance
she mounted the steps; he followed,
a step behind. At the door, however,
she paused. He could hear her breath
coming in quick gasps. Oddly enough,
the recollection of some detective
stories flashed through his mind.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Nothing, nothing; only I am
afraid."

She stooped; there was a grating
sound, a click, and the door opened.
Warrington was a man of courage,
but he afterward confessed that it took
all his nerve force to move his foot
across the threshold.

"Do not be frightened," she said
calmly; "there is nothing but ghosts
here to frighten any one."

"Ghosts?"

"Yes."

"Have you brought me here to tell
me a ghost story?" with an effort at
lightness. What misery the girl's
tones conveyed to his ears!

"The ghosts of things that ought to,
and should, have been; are not those
the most melancholy?" She pressed
a button and flooded the hallway with
light.

His keen eyes roving met nothing
but signs of luxury. She led him into
the library and turned on the lights.
Not a servant anywhere in sight; the
great house seemed absolutely empty.
Not even the usual cat or dog came
romping inquisitively into the room.
The shelves of books stirred his sense
of envy; what a den for a literary man
to wander in! There were beautiful
marbles, splendid paintings, taste and
refinement visible everywhere.

Warrington stood silently watching
the girl as she took off her hat and
carelessly tossed it on the reading
table. The Russian sables were treat-
ed with like indifference. The natural
abundance of her hair amazed him!
and, what a figure, so elegant, round-
ed and mature! The girl, without no-
ticing him, walked the length of the
room and back several times. Once or
twice she made a gesture. It was not
addressed to him but to same conflict
going on in her mind.

He sat down on the edge of a chair
and fell to twirling his hat, a sign
that he was not perfectly at ease.

"I am wondering where I shall be-
gin," she said.

Warrington turned down his coat
collar, and the action seemed to re-
lieve him of the sense of awkward-
ness.

"Luxury!" she began, with a sweep
of her hand which was full of ma-
jesty and despair. "Why have I
chosen you out of all the thousands?
Why should I believe that my story
would interest you? Well, little as I
have seen of the world, I have learned
that woman does not go to woman
in cases such as mine is." And then
pathetically: "I know no woman to
whom I might go. Women are like
daws; their sympathy comes but to
peck. Do you know what it is to be
alone in a city? The desert is not
loneliness; it is only solitude. True
loneliness is to be found only in great
communities. To be without a single
friend or confidant, when thousands
of beings move about you; to pour
your sorrows into cold, unfeeling ears;
to seek sympathy in blind eyes—that
is loneliness. That is the loneliness
that causes the heart to break."

Warrington's eyes never left hers;
he was fascinated.

"Luxury!" she repeated bitterly.
"Surrounding me with all a woman
might desire—paintings that charm
the eye, books that charm the mind,
music that charms the ear. Money!"

"Philosophy in a girl!" thought War-
rington. His hat became motionless.

"It is all a lie, a lie!" The girl
struck her hands together, impotent in
her wrath.

It was done so naturally that War-
rington, always the dramatist, made
a mental note of the gesture.

"I was educated in Paris and Ber-
lin; my musical education was com-
pleted in Dresden. Like all young
girls with music-loving souls, I was
something of a poet. I saw the beau-
tiful in everything; sometimes the
beauty existed only in my imagina-
tion. I dreamed. I was happy. I was
told that I possessed a voice such as
is given to few. I sang before the
Emperor of Austria at a private mu-
sicale. He complimented me. The fu-
ture was bright indeed. Think of it;
at twenty I retained all my illusions!
I am now twenty-three, and not a
single filusion is left. I saw but lit-
tle of my father and mother, which
is not unusual with children of wealthy
parents. The first shock that came
to my knowledge was the news that
my mother had ceased to live with my
father. I was recalled. There were
no explanations. My father met me
at the boat. He greeted my effusive
caresses—caresses that I had saved for
years!—with careless indifference.
This was the second shock. What did
it all mean? Where was my mother?
My father did not reply. When I
reached home I found that all the
servants I had known in my childhood
days were gone. From the new ones
I knew that I should learn nothing
of the mystery which, like a pall, had
suddenly settled down upon me."

(To Be Continued.)

## Scenes and Actors in Fierce Moroccan War

A FIGHTING CHIEFTAN—

MOUNTAIN FASTNESS IN MOROCCO.

SCENE IN A MOORISH CAMP—

FIERCE MOORISH TRIBESMEN—

## State Laws Discriminate Against Women

Says Harriette M. Johnston-Wood, Lawyer, in the New York World.

"THERE is constant, compre-
hensive, conscious discrimina-
tion against women in the ex-
isting laws of the state of New York.
There is such discrimination in every
state in the Union—except four. In
those four the ballot has been given
to women. The laws of Ohio in this
regard are the same as those of New
York."

Thus said Harriette M. Johnston-
Wood, one of the leading lawyers of
New York. Mrs. Wood is associated
with her husband in the law firm of
Wood & Wood. She is a graduate of
the New York Law school, an ex-
president of the Portia club, and the
first woman member of the New York
State Bar association. She has writ-
ten a pamphlet on "Legal Discrimina-
tion Against Women in the State of
New York." So when the World's
Quinquennial Congress of Women, in
Toronto the other day, declared that
"married women are under cruel
bondage by reason of man-made mar-
riage laws," Mrs. Johnston-Wood was
perfectly prepared to prove and ex-
plain.

"The law touches upon the married
relation in two main points," began
Mrs. Wood. "First, in regard to the
big, general subject of property and
service rights between husband and
wife. Second, in regard to the guard-
lanship of the children. In each of
these instances the law of New York
exercises constant, comprehensive and
conscious discrimination against the
wife. There may be differences in de-
gree of injustice between the laws of
this state and of the other states, but
nowhere are men and women placed
on exactly the same legal footing ex-
cept in the four western states where
women have already obtained the suf-
frage. Rather a blighting reflection
on masculine chivalry, is it not?

"Perhaps one of the biggest and
most apparent acts of injustice lies in
the fact that the woman has absolute-
ly no legal right to compensation for
any services connected with the home.
Anything she may earn in the dis-
charge of her domestic duties belongs
entirely to her husband. When a mar-
ried couple take boarders into their
home, and the wife takes charge of the
house, the profits derived from such
business belong to the husband. One
of the boarders may become ill and
the mistress of the house may nurse
him—her wages, therefore, all go to
her husband. She may put up an ex-
tra supply of preserves and sell the
surplus—the price she gets could legal-
ly be demanded by her husband. And
if she help her husband in his own
business—write for him, act as a sell-
ing agent, save him, perhaps, the sal-
ary of a high-priced assistant—unless
a specially stipulated agreement be
made—she can claim not one cent of
wages for her individual use and bene-
fit. The services of the wife in her
household, the joint earnings of hus-
band and wife, belong to the husband'
—that's the law.

"Then as to the purely property
rights. The wife is entitled to dower
in the husband's real property—that
is, to the use of one-third of it for life.
But the husband, if a child has been
born alive, has courtesy in his wife's
real property—that is, the use of ALL
her real property for life.

"Suppose a small farmer dies with-
out making a will, as so frequently
happens. Practically all his property
is real, not personal. His wife has
doubtless helped him accumulate it all
—you know how boys and girls marry
in the country—nothing between them
except mutual strength and willing-
ness to work. What they win is every
bit as much due to the woman's exer-
tions as to the man's. Yet, when he
dies, his wife, ill and worn out, maybe,
with a lifetime of work for him, is
only allowed the use of one-third of
what is just as much hers as his.
Brothers and sisters-in-law come in
for the rest. The one-third of a farm
—which she really does not own, after
all—only its use—is not enough for
her to live on. So she has to go out
into the world, work, or starve, or die,
perhaps, for lack of what is really her
own.

"If the wife die and leave no blood
relatives capable of inheriting her real
property, it descends to the husband.
Under no circumstances does the real
property of the husband descend to
the wife—though, as I have said, she
has in nine cases out of ten helped to
accumulate it. If there be no blood
relatives of her husband capable of in-
heriting it, it escheats to the state.

"As for personal property, the un-
fairness is even more apparent. If
there be no descendants, the wife is
entitled to one-half of the personal
property of her husband. The other
half goes to his father; or, if he has
no father living, to his mother and
brothers and sisters—or even to his
nieces and nephews.

"But in like case—i. e., if there be
no children—the husband is entitled to
ALL of his wife's personal property.
Her father, mother, brother and sis-
ters, nieces and nephews have no
share.

"Furthermore, in case there is a
question of the ownership of household
effects, furniture, and so forth, what-
ever cannot be shown to belong absol-
utely to the wife is the property of
the husband. The only way a woman
can actually own any article of her
household goods is to buy it with
money she has earned outside of her
home, or before her marriage, or be
able to prove it is a gift to her di-
rectly.

"Then, did you know that if a wo-
man procures a divorce from her hus-
band, on grounds of his fault, and
happens to die without making a will,
he still has a legal interest in her per-
sonal property? Yet if she has
worked for years and helped to ac-
cumulate his fortune, and then is
compelled to get a divorce from him
because of the sudden cropping out of
some evil habit—he may will away
every bit of his personal property.
And if he gets the divorce and dies
intestate, she loses all interest which
she might have in his personalty.

"Moreover, a woman's marriage re-
vokes any will she may have made
previous to the ceremony. The will
of a bachelor is never affected by his
subsequent marriage.

"Then, wouldn't you think the
mother was entitled by nature to be
the supreme guardian of her children?
The New York law doesn't reach that
conclusion. The father's right to the
custody of the children is universally
recognized as paramount to that of the
mother. His 'natural right' will be set
aside only where he is not a fit person
and the interests of the infant require
that another be appointed.

"Only recently there was a case in
which the husband and wife had sep-
arated because of inability to agree.
She had bought and paid for a house
and furnished it with her own money.
She had paid all the household ex-
penses of the family without aid or
assistance from her husband, and she
had almost the sole care and nurture
of the child, a little boy of five. But
the law decided that 'Where a hus-
band and wife have separated because
unable to agree, and there is no evi-
dence that they are not equally fit
custodians of their son five years old,
the father by reason of his paramount
right in law will be awarded such cus-
tody.'

"When parents are divorced, one act
of immorality on the part of the
mother takes from her her child, while
the father may continue such conduct
without being seriously considered un-
fit to have its custody.

"Two sharply contrasting cases,
which show the law's unfairness, come
to my mind. In one, there was a di-
vorce through the misconduct of the
wife—and she was not allowed even
to see the children. In the other, the
divorce was granted for the huband's
misconduct—yet the children were
awarded to him!

"The father is entitled to the serv-
ices of the child. I remember an in-
stance of cruelty which resulted from
this only a little while ago. A boy of
17, the support of his family, was
killed in the service of the company
for which he worked. His father sued
his employer for $30,000. Before de-
cision the father died and the mother
took up the suit. The court decided
that she had never been entitled to
the services of the dead boy and could
not properly claim a reward for them,
and it gave her $50—her son's wages
from the time of his death to that of
his father.

"The guardianship of the property
of a child belongs first to the father,
and to the mother only if the father be
dead. Likewise the father's right is
paramount in any real or personal
property belonging to the child, after
its death. In the case of real prop-
erty the mother, in any instance, may
only inherit the use of such property.

"Yes, it's all frightfully, monstrous-
ly unfair," concluded Mrs. Johnston-
Wood. "But just so long as the men
are allowed to make the laws they'll
do as they choose. So far as women
are concerned, the guarantees of the
constitution are a mere waste of
words. They have no more rights
than aliens, and their interests would
be better protected under a monarchy.

"It's the women who must make the
change for themselves. And to do
that—they must vote it!"

## The Wild Geese

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN

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CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

Without a word the four men form-
ed up round their prisoners, and at
once O'Sullivan Og led the way at a
brisk pace toward the gate. Colonel
John was following, but he had not
taken three steps before a thought
struck him and he halted. "Are we
leaving the house at once?" he asked.

"We are. And why not, I'm ask-
ing?"

"Only that I've a message for The
McMurrough it will be well for him
to have."

"Sure," O'Sullivan Og answered, his
manner half wheedling, half trucu-
lent, "'tis no time for messages and
trifles and the like now, colonel. No
time at all, I tell you. Ye can see
that for yourself, I'm thinking, such
a morning as this."

"I'm thinking nothing of the kind,"
the colonel answered, and he hung
back, looking toward the house. For-
tunately Darby chose that minute to
appear at the door. The butler's face
was pale and showed fatigue, his hair
hung in wisps his clothes were ill
fastened. He threw a glance of con-
tempt at the sleeping figures lying
here and there in the wet. Thence
his eyes traveled on and took in the
group by the gate. He started and
wrung his hands in sudden, irrepres-
sible distress. It was as if a spasm
seized the man.

The colonel called him. "Darby,"
he cried. "Come here, my man."

O'Sullivan Og opened his mouth; he
was on the point of interposing, but
he thought better of it, and shrugged
his shoulders, muttering something in
the Erse.

"Darby," the colonel said, gravely,
"I've a message for the young master,
and it must be given him in his bed.
Will you give it?"

"I will, your honor."

"You will not fail?"

"I will not, your honor," the old
servant answered earnestly.

"Tell him, then, that Colonel Sulli-
van made his will as he passed
through Paris, and 'tis now in Dub-
lin. You mind me, Darby?"

The old man began to shake—he
had an Irishman's superstition. "I do,
your honor. But the saints be between
us and harm," he continued, with the
same gesture of distress. "Who's
speaking of wills?"

"Only tell him that in his bed,"
Colonel John repeated, with an urgent
look. "That is all."

"And by your leave it is now we'll
be going," Og interposed sharply.
"We are late already for what we've
to do."

"There are some things," the
Colonel replied with a steady look,
"which it is well to be late about."

Then, without further remonstrance,
he and Bale, with their guard,
marched out through the gate and
took the road along the lake—that
same road by which the Colonel had
come some days before from the
French sloop. The men with the fire-
locks walked beside them, one on either
flank, while the pikemen guarded them
behind, and O'Sullivan Og brought up
the rear.

They had not taken twenty paces
before the fog swallowed up the party,
and henceforth they walked in a sea
of mist, like men moving in a night-
mare from which they cannot awake.
The clammy vapor chilled them to the
bone, while the unceasing wailing of
seagulls, borne on the lough, the
whistle of an unseen curlew on the
hillside, the hurtle of wings as some
ghostly bird swept over them—these
were sounds to depress men who had
reason to suspect that they were being
led to a treacherous end.

The Colonel, though he masked his
apprehension under an impenetrable
firmness, began to fear no less than
that—and with cause. He observed
that O'Sullivan Og's followers were of
the lowest type of kerne, islanders in
all probability, and half starved; men
whose hands were never far from the
skenes, and whose one orderly instinct
consisted in a blind obedience to
their chief. O'Sullivan Og himself he
believed to be The McMurrough's
agent in his more lawless business;
a fierce, unscrupulous man, prosper-
ing on his lack of scruple. The Colonel
could augur nothing but ill from the
hands to which he had been entrusted,
and worse from the manner in which
these savage, half-naked creatures,
shambling beside him, stole from time
to time a glance of him, as if they
fancied they saw the winding-sheet
high on his breast.

Some so placed, and feeling them-
selves helpless, isolated by the fog,
and entirely at these men's mercy,
might have lost their firmness. But
he did not, nor did Bale, though the
servant's face betrayed the keenness
of his anxiety. They weighed indeed
the chances of escape; such chances
as a headlong rush into the fog
might afford to unarmed men, uncer-
tain where they were. But the Colonel
reflected that it was possible that that
was the very course upon which
O'Sullivan Og counted for a pretext.
And, for a second objection, the two
could not, so closely were they guard-
ed, communicate with each other.

After all The McMurrough's plan
might amount to no more than their
detention in some secret place among
the hills. Colonel John hoped so.

He could not but think ill of things;
of O'Sullivan Og's silence, of the men's
stealthy glances, of the uncanny hour.
And when they came presently to a
point where a faintly marked track
left the road, and the party, at a
word from their leader, turned into it,
he thought worse of the matter. Was
it his fancy—he was far from nerv-
ous—or were the men beginning to
look impatiently at one another? Was
it his fancy, or were they beginning
to press more closely on their pris-
oners, as if they sought a quarrel?
He imagined that he read in one
man's face the question, "When?" and
in another the question, "Now?" And
a third, he thought, handled his
weapon in an ominous fashion.

Colonel John was a brave man,
inured to danger, one who had faced
death in many forms. But the lack
of arms shakes the bravest, and it
needed even his nerve to confront
without a quiver the fate that, if his
fears were justified, lay before them;
the sudden, violent death, and the
black bog-water, which would swallow
all traces of the crime. But he did not
lose his firmness nor lower his crest
for a moment.

By and by the track which, for a
time, had ascended, began to run
downward. The path grew less sound.
The mist, whihc was thicker than be-
fore, and shut them in on the spot
where they walked, as in a world
desolate and apart, allowed nothing to
be seen in front, but now and again
a ragged thorn tree or a furze bush,
dripping with moisture, showed,
ghostlike, to right or left. There was
nothing to indicate the point they
were approaching or how far they
were likely to travel until the Colonel,
peering keenly before them, caught the
gleam of water. It was gone as soon
as seen, the mist falling again like
a curtain, but he had seen it, and he
looked back to see what Og was do-
ing. He caught him also in the act
of looking over his shoulder. Was he
making sure that they were beyond
the chance of interruption?

It might be so, and Colonel John
wheeled about quickly, thinking that
while O'Sullivan Og's attention was
directed elsewhere he might take one
of the other men by surprise, seize his
weapon and make a fight for his life
and his servant's life. But he met only
sinister looks, eyes that watched his
smallest movement with suspicion, a
point ready leveled to strike him if he
budged. And then, out of the mist
before them, loomed the gaunt figure
of a man walking apace toward
them.

The meeting appeared to be as little
expected by the stranger as by Og's
party. For not only did he spring
aside and leave the track to give them
a wider berth, but he went by warily,
with his feet in the bog. Some word
was cried to him in the Erse; he
answered, for a moment he appeared
to be going to stop. Then he passed on
and was lost in the mist.

But he left a change behind him.
One of the firelock men broke into
hasty speech, glancing, the Colonel
noticed, at him and Bale, as if they
were the subjects of his words. O'Sul-
livan Og answered the man curtly
and harshly, but before the reply was
off his lips a second man broke in
vehemently in support of the other.
They all halted, for a few seconds they
all spoke at once. Then, just as
Colonel John was beginning to hope
they would quarrel, O'Sullivan gave
way with sullen reluctance, and a man
ran back the way they had come,
shouting a name. Before the prison-
ers could decide whether his absence
afforded a chance of escape he was
back again, and with him the man
who had passed in the bog.

Colonel John looked at the stranger
and recognized him, and, a man of
quick wit, he knew on the instant
that he had to face the worst. His
face set more hard, more firm—if it
turned also a shade paler. He ad-
dressed his companion. "They've called
him back to confess us," he muttered
in Bale's ear.

"The devils!" Bale exclaimed. He
choked on the word and worked his
jaw, glaring at them but he said no
more. Only his eyes glanced from
one to another, wild and full of rage.

Colonel John did not reply, for al-
ready O'Sullivan Og was addressing
him. "There's no more to it," the Mc-
Murrough's agent said, bluntly, "but

## A BILLION AND A HALF YEARLY LOST TO U. S.

### Prof. Fisher's Report, Issued by Government, Says 3,000,000 Persons Continually Ill in This Country, Costs This Vast Sum.

That the people of this country are an-
nually throwing away a sum of money
that represents 50 per cent more than it
costs to operate the government—in cold
figures, a billion and a half—is statistical-
ly shown in Prof. Irving Fisher's new
work issued by the government printing
office and entitled A Report on National
Vitality.

Prof. Fisher is a member of the faculty
of Yale university and a member of the
national conservation commission ap-
pointed by Theodore Roosevelt. He is
also a member of the committee of one
hundred on national health. During the
last ten years Prof. Fisher has been col-
lecting the material that forms this im-
portant work, and which is now, for the
first time, made public.

In the connection of national waste in
lives Prof. Fisher shows that there are
three million persons needlessly and con-
tinuously ill in the United States, and
that this condition might well be prevent-
ed by slight attention to even the simplest
hygienic measures. He shows, also, that
tuberculosis alone is responsible for 500,000
persons continually ill, and that it is en-
tirely possible that this scourge be wiped
out within one generation. Typhoid alone
costs the country $350,000,000, and this is a
disease that can wholly wiped out by at-
tention to neglected details. In support of
this statement, and showing what can be
done in an individual instance, the author
cites the case of the city of Lawrence,
Mass., which, by the introduction of a
new water supply, reduced this typhoid
mortality by over 80 per cent.

It is shown by carefully gathered data
that malaria costs the country $100,000,000,
and that this is wholly preventable, as in-
stanced by the action of several cities
that undertook, with successful issue, the
elimination of the malaria mosquito.

Prof. Fisher also shows that our present
wasteful policy is easily remediable, and
cites Prof. T. S. Lambart, who, in his
Sources of Longevity, stated "That it
costs no more to 'raise' a man capable of
living for 80 years than it does to 'grow'
one who has not the capacity of living to
be 40 years old."

The subject of eugenics, or marriage se-
lection, is also discussed at length, and
instances of the beneficial effects of the
operation of the law in Indiana are start-
lingly shown, it being stated that by this
law no fewer than 800 persons who were
shown to be incurable of confirmed de-
generate tendencies had been sterilized.
In support of the efficacy of this law, the
author takes up the history of two crimi-
nal families, the "Jukes" and "The House
of Ishmael," and shows that the former,
out of 1,200 descendants in 75 years, fur-
nished 357 criminals, who spent an aggre-
gate of 2,300 years in jails and poor-
houses.

Prof Fisher says:

"The gain or lengthening and strength-
ening of the life which it measures can
be secured through medical investigation
and practice, restriction of the labor of
women and children, the education of
both public and private hygine, and
through improving the efficiency of our
municipal, state and national health ser-
vice."

**Can You Tell the Cause of Your Trouble?**

Are you sometimes discouraged and think you'll never be any better?

Can you tell the cause of your trouble, or what makes you sick?

Do you know that about nine-tenths of all sickness is caused by kidney trouble?

Have you ever stopped to think that your kidneys may be the cause of your poor health?

Most people do not realize how much work the kidneys are required to do every day.

Every drop of blood in the body must pass through and be filtered by the kidneys thousands of times a day.

How can they do their work well if they are sick?

If your kidneys need treatment, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the wonderful kidney remedy, will prove to be just the medicine you need.

If you will write to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., every reader of this paper, who has not already tried Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy, may receive a sample bottle by mail, absolutely free. You can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one dollar size bottles at all drug stores.


you've come your last journey, Colonel, and we'll go back wanting you. There's no room in Ireland from this day for them that's not Irish at heart! Nor safety for honest men while you're walking the sod. But"——

"Will you murder us?" Colonel John said. "Do you know, man, he continued sternly, "what you do? What have we done to you or your master?"

"Done?" O'Sullivan Og answered with sudden ferocity. "And murder, say you? Ay, faith, I would, and ten thousand like you, for the sake of old Ireland! You may make your peace, and have five minutes to that—and no more, for time presses, and we've work to do. These fools would have a priest for you"—he turned and spat on the ground—"but it is I, and none better, know you are Protestants, and 'twould take more than that to make your souls!"

Colonel John looked at him with a strange light in his eyes. "It is little to you," he said, "and much to me. Yet think, think, man, what you do. Or if you will not, here is my servant. Spare his life at least. Put him, if you please, on board the French sloop that's in the bay"——

"Faith, and you're wasting the little breath that is left in you," the ruffian answered, irritated rather than moved by the other's calmness. "It's to take or leave. I told the men a heretic had no soul to make, but"——

"God forgive you!" Colonel John said, and was silent; for he saw that remonstrance would not help him, nor prayer avail. The man's mind was made up, his heart steeled. For a brief instant, something, perhaps that human fear which he had so often defied, clutched Colonel John's heart. For a brief instant human weakness had its way with him, and he shuddered—in the face of the bog, in the face of such an end as this. Then the gracious faith that was his returned to him; he was his grave, unyielding self again. He took Bale's hand and begged his forgiveness. "Would I had never brought you!" he said. "Why did I, Why did I? Yet God's will be done!"

Bale did not seem able to speak. His jaw continued to work, while his eyes looked sideways at Og. Had the Irishman known his man, he would have put himself out of reach, armed as he was.

"But I will appeal for you to the priest!" Colonel John continued; "he may yet prevail with them to spare you."

"He will not!" O'Sullivan Og said, naïvely.

## CHAPTER XII.

### The Sea Mist.

Father O'Hara looked at the two prisoners, and the tears ran down his face. He was the man whom Colonel Sullivan and Bale had overtaken on their way to Tralee. He was a merciful man and with all his heart he wished that, if he could do no good, God had been pleased to send him another way through the mist.

"What can I do?" he cried. "Oh, what can I do?"

"You can do nothing, father," O'Sullivan Og said grimly. "They're heretics, no less! And we're wasting your time, blessed man." He whispered a few words in the priest's ear.

The latter shuddered. "God forgive us all!" he wailed. "And most, those who need it most! God keep us from high place!"

"Sure and we're in little peril!" O'Sullivan Og replied.

Colonel John looked at the priest with solemn eyes. Nor did aught but a tiny pulse beating in his cheek betray that he was listening, watching, ready to seize the last chance, that he might save, at any rate, poor Bale. Then "You are a Christian, father," he said, gravely. "I ask nothing for myself. But this is my servant. He knows nothing. Prevail with them to spare him!"

Bale uttered a fierce remonstrance. No one understood it, or what he said or meant. His eyes looked askance, like the eye of a beast in a snare—seeking a weapon or a throat! To be butchered thus!

Perhaps Colonel John, notwithstanding his calm courage, had the same thought and found it bitter. Death had been good in the face of silent thousands, with pride and high resolve for cheer. But here in the mist, unknown, unnoticed, to perish and be forgotten in a week, even by the savage hands that took their breath! Perhaps to face this he, too, had need of all his Christian stoicism.

"My God! My God!" the priest said. "Have pity on these two, and soften the hearts of their murderers."

"Amen," said Colonel John, quietly.

"Faith and 'tis idle, this," O'Sullivan Og cried, irritably. He gave a secret sign to his men to draw to one side and be ready. "We've our orders and other work to do. Kneel aside, father, 'tis no harm we mean you. But you're wasting breath on these same. And you," he continued, addressing the two, "say what prayer you will, if you know one, and kneel or stand—it's all one to us—and, God willing, you'll be in purgatory and never a knowledge of it!"

"One moment," Colonel John interposed, his face was pale but composed, "I have somehting to say to my friend."

"And you may if you'll play no tricks."

"If you would spare him——"

"'Tis idle, I say! Sorra a bit of good is it! But there, ye shall be having while the blessed man says three Paternosters, and not the least taste of time beyond!"

Colonel John made a sign to the priest, who, bowing, himself on the wet sod, covered his eyes with his hand and began to pray. The men, at a sign from O'Sullivan, had drawn to either side and the fire lockmen were handling their pieces, with one eye on their leader and one on the prisoners.

Colonel John took Bale's hand. "What matter, soon or late?" he said, gently. "Here or on our beds we die in our duty. Let us say, In manus tuas——"

"Popish! Popish!" Bale muttered, shaking his head. He spoke hoarsely, his tongue cleaving to his mouth. His eyes were full of rage.

"Into Thy hands!" Colonel John said. He stooped nearer to his man's ear. "When I shout, jump and run!" he breathed. "I will hold two." Again he lifted his head and looked calmly at the threatening figures standing about them, gaunt and dark, against the curtain of mist. They were waiting for the signal. The priest was half way through his second Paternoster. His trembling tongue was stumbling, lagging more and more. As he ended it—the two men still standing had in hand—Colonel John gripped Bale's fingers hard, but held him.

"What is that?" he cried, in a loud voice, but still he held Bale tight that he might not move. "What is that?" he repeated. On the ear—on his ear first—had fallen the sound of hurrying feet.

They strained their eyes through the mist.

"And what'll this be?" O'Sullivan Og muttered suspiciously. "If you budge a step," he growled, "I'll drive this pike——"

"A message from The McMurrough," Colonel John said. If he was human, if his heart, at the hope of respite, beat upon his ribs as the heart of a worse man might have beaten, he did not betray it save by a light in his eyes.

They had not to wait. A tall, lathy form emerged from the mist. It advanced with long leaps the way they had come. A moment, and the messenger saw them, pulled up, and walked the intervening distance, his arms drooping and his breath coming in gasps. He had run apace, and he could not speak. But he nodded—as he wiped the saliva from his parted lips—to O'Sullivan Og to come aside with him; and the two moved off a space. The others eyed them while the message was given. The suspense was short. Quickly O'Sullivan Og came back.

"Ye may be thankful," he said dryly. "Ye've cheated the pikes for this time, no less, and 'tis safe ye are."

"You have the greater reason to be thankful," Colonel John replied solemnly. "You have been spared a foul crime."

"Faith and I hope I may never do worse," Og answered, hardily. "than rid the world of two black Protestants them with a priest to make their souls! Many's the honest man's closed his eyes without that same. But 'tis not time for prating! I wonder at your honor, and you no more than out of the black water! Bring them along boys," he continued. "We've work to do yet!"

"Laus Deo!" the priest cried, lifting up his hands. "Give Him the glory!"

"Amen," the Colonel said softly. And for a moment he shut his eyes and stood with clasped hands. "I thank you kindly, father, for your prayers!" he said. "The words of a good man avail much!"

No more was said. For a few yards Bale walked unsteadily. But he recovered himself and, urged by O'Sullivan's continued injunctions to hasten, the party were not long in retracing their steps. They reached the road and went along it, but in the direction of the landing place. In a few minutes they were threading their way in single file across the saucer-like waste which lay to landward of the hill overlooking the jetty.

"Are you taking us to the French sloop?" Colonel John asked.

"You'll be as wise as the lave of us by and by," Og answered sulkily.

They crossed the shoulder near the tower and strode down the slope to the stone pier. The mist lay low on the water. The tide was almost at the flood. Og bade the men draw in one of the boats, ordered Colonel Sullivan and Bale to go into the bow, and the pikemen to take the oars. He and the two firelock men took their seats in the stern.

"Pull out you cripples," he said, "and there'll be flood enough to be bringing us back."

The men bent to the clumsy oars and the boat slid down the inlet and passed under the beam of the French sloop, which lay moored farther along the jetty. Not a sign of life appeared on deck as they passed; the ship seemed to be deserted. Half a dozen strokes carried the boat beyond view of it, and the little party were alone on the bosom of the water that lay rocking smoothly between its unseen banks. Some minutes were spent in stout rowing, and soon the boat began to rise and fall on the Atlantic rollers.

"'Tis more deceitful than a pretty colleen," O'Sullivan Og said, "is the sea fog, bad cess to it! My own father was lost in it. Will you be seeing her, boys?"

"Ye'll not see her till ye touch her!" one of the rowers answered.

"And the tide running?" the other said. "Save us from that same!"

"She's farther out by three gunshots," struck in a firelock man. "We'll be drifting back, ye thieves of the world, if ye sit staring there! Pull, an' we'll be inshore an' ye know it."

For some minutes the men pulled steadily onward, while one of the passengers apprised that their destination was the Spanish war vessel felt anything but eager to reach it. A Spanish warship meant imprisonment, possibly the inquisition, persecution and death. When the men lay at last on their oars, and swore that they must have passed the ship, he alone listened indifferently.

"'Tis a black Protestant fog!" O'Sullivan cried. "Where'll we be, I wonder?"

"Sure, ve can make no mistake," one answered. "The wind's light off the land."

"We'll be pulling back, lads."

"That's the word."

The men put the boat about and started on the return journey. Suddenly Colonel John, crouching in the bow, where was scant room for Bale and himself, saw a large shape loom before him. Involuntarily he uttered a warning cry, O'Sullivan echoing it, the men tried to hold the boat. In doing this, however, one man was quicker than the other, the boat turned broadside on to her former course, and before the cry was well off O'Sullivan Og's lips, it swept violently athwart a cable hauled taut by the weight of a vessel straining to the flow of the tide. In a twinkling the boat careened, throwing its occupants into the water.

Colonel John and Bale were nearest to the hawser and managed to seize it and cling to it. But the first wave washed over them, blinding them and choking them; and, warned by this, they worked themselves along the rope until they could twist a leg over their slender support.

That effected, they shouted for help. But their shouts were merged in the wail of despair, of shrieks and cries, that floated away into the mist. The boat, traveling with the last of the tide had struck the cable with force, and was already drifting a gunshot away. Whether any saved themselves on it, the two clinging to the hawser could not see.

Bale, shivering and scared, would have shouted again, but Colonel John stayed him. "God rest their souls!" he said, solemnly. "The men aboard can do nothing. By the time they'll have lowered a boat it will be done with these."

"They can take us aboard," Hale said.

"Ay, if we want to go to Cadiz jail," Colonel John answered slowly. He was peering keenly toward the land.

"But what can we do, your honor?" Bale asked, with a shiver.

"Swim ashore."

"God forbid."

"But you can swim?"

"Not that far. Not near that far, God knows!" Bale repeated with emphasis, his teeth chattering. "I'll go down like a stone."

"Cadiz jail! Cadiz jail!" Colonel John muttered. "Isn't it worth a swim to escape that?"

"Ay, ay, but—"

"Do you see that oar drifting? In a twinkling it will be out of reach. Off with your boots, man, off with your clothes, and to it! That oar is freedom. The tide is with us still, or it would not be moving that way. But let the tide turn and we cannot do it."

"It's too far!"

"If you could see the shore," Colonel John argued, "you'd think nothing of it! With your chin on that oar you' can't sink. But it must be done before we are chilled."

He was stripping himself to his underclothes while he talked, and in haste, fearing that he might feel the hawser slacken and dip—a sign that the tide had turned. Already Colonel John had plans and hopes, but freedom was needful if they were to come to anything.

"Come!" he cried, impulsively. "Man, you are not a coward. Come!"

He let himself into the water and after a moment of hesitation Bale followed his example, let the rope go, and with quick, nervous strokes, bobbed after him in the direction of the oar. Colonel John deserved the less credit, as he was the better swimmer. He swam long and slow, with his head low, and his eyes watched his follower. A half minute of violent exercise and Bale's outstretched hand clutched the oar. It was a thick, clumsy instrument and it floated high. Colonel John bade him rest his hands on it and thrust it before him lengthwise, swimming with his feet.

For five minutes nothing was said, but they proceeded slowly and patiently, trusting—for they could see nothing—that the tide was still seconding their efforts. Colonel John knew that if the shore lay, as he judged, about half a mile distant, he must to reach it, swim slowly and reserve his strength. Though a natural desire to decide the question quickly would have impelled him to great exertion, he resisted it. At the worst, he reflected that the oar would support them both for a short time.

They had been swimming for ten minutes, as he calculated, when Bale, who floated higher, cried joyfully that he could see the land. Colonel John had no answer, he needed all his strength. But a minute later he saw it loom low through the fog, and then, in some minutes afterward, they felt bottom and waded on to a ledge of rocks which projected eastward of the mouth of the inlet. The tide had served them well by carrying them a little to the eastward. They sat a moment on the rocks to recover their strength, and then stung to action by the chill wind, which set their teeth chattering, they got to their feet and scrambled painfully along the rocks until they reached the marshy bank of the inlet. A pilgrimage scarcely less painful, through gorse and rushes, brought them at the end of ten minutes to the jetty.

Here all was quiet. If any of O'Sullivan Og's party had saved themselves they were not to be seen, nor was there any indication that the accident was known on shore.

While Colonel John had been picking his way his thoughts had not been idle; and now, without hesitation he made along the jetty until the masts of the French sloop loomed beside it. He boarded the vessel by a plank and looked around him. There was no watch on deck, but a melancholy voice piping a French song rose from the depths of the cabin. Colonel John bade Bale follow him—they were shivering from head to foot—and descended the companion.

The singer was Captain Augustin. He lay on his back in his bunk, while his mate, between sleep and waking, formed an unwilling audience.

"Tout mal chausse, tout mal vetu,"

sang the captain in a doleful voice.

"Pauvre marin, d'ourevieus-tu?
Tout doux Tout doux."

With the last word on his lips he called on the name of his Maker, for he saw two half-naked, dripping figures peering at him through the open door. For the moment he took them, by the dim light, for the revenants of drowned men, while his mate, a Breton, rose on his elbow and shrieked aloud.

It was only when Colonel John called them by name that they were reassured, lost their fears, and recognized in the pitiful figures before them their late passenger and his attendant. Then the cabin rang with oaths and invocations, with "Mon Dieu!" and "Ma foi." Immediately clothes were fetched and rough cloths to dry the visitors and restore warmth to their limbs, and cognac and food—for the two were half starved. While these comforts were being administered and half the crew, crouching about the companion, listened, Colonel John told very shortly the tale of their adventures, of the fate that had menaced them, and their narrow escape. In return he learned that the Frenchmen were virtually prisoners.

"They have taken our equipage, cursed dogs!" Augustin explained, refraining with difficulty from a dance of rage. The rudder, the sails, they are not, see you? They have locked all in the house on shore, that we may not go by night, you understand, and by day the ship of war beyond, pirate for certain, goes about to sink us if we move! Ah, sacre nom, that I had never seen this land of swine."

"Have they a guard over the rudder and the sails?" Colonel John asked.

"I know not. What matter?"

"If not, it were not hard to regain them," Colonel John said, with an odd light in his eyes.

"And the ship of war beyond? What would she be doing?"

"While the fog lies," Colonel John replied. "Nothing."

"The fog?" Augustin exclaimed. He clapped his hand to his head, ran up the companion and as quickly returned. "There is a fog," he cried, "like the inside of Jonah's whale! For the ship beyond I snap the finger at her! She is not; Then forward, mes braves! Yet tranquil! They have taken the arms!"

"Ay?" Colonel John said, still eating. "Is that so? Then it seems to me we must retake them. That first."

"What, you?" Augustin exclaimed.

"Why not?" Colonel John responded, looking round him, a twinkle in his eye. "The goods of his host are in a measure of speaking the house of his host. And it is the duty—as I said once before."

"But is it not that they are—of your kin?"

"That is the reason," Colonel John answered cryptically and to the skipper's surprise. But that surprise lasted a very short time. "Listen to me," the Colonel continued. "This goes farther than you think, and to cure it we must not stop short. Let me speak, and do you, my friend, listen. Courage, and I will give you not only freedom but a good bargain."

The skipper stared. "How so!" he asked.

Then Colonel John unfolded the plan on which he had been meditating while the gorse bushes pricked his feet and the stones gibed them. It was a great plan, and before all things a bold one; so bold that the seamen, who crowded the foot of the companionway, opened their eyes.

Augustin smacked his lips. "It is what you call magnifique!" he said. "But," he shrugged his shoulders, "it is not possible?"

"If the fog holds?"

"But if it—what you call—lifts?" What then, eh?"

"Through how many storms have you ridden?" the Colonel answered. "Yet if the mast had gone?"

"We had gone! Vraiment!"

"That did not keep you ashore."

Augustin cogitated over this for a while. Then, "But we are eight only," he objected. "Myself, nine."

"And two are eleven," Colonel John replied.

"We do not know the ground."

"I do."

The skipper shrugged his shoulders.

"And they have treated you—but you know how they have treated you," Colonel John went on, appealing to the lower motive.

The group of seamen who stood about the door growled seamen's oaths.

"There are things that seem hard," the Colonel continued, "and being begun, pouf! they are done while you think of them!"

Captain Augustine of Bordeaux swelled his breast. "That is true," he said. "I have done things like that."

"Then do some more!"

The skipper's eyes surveyed the men's faces. He caught the spark in their eyes. "I will do it," he cried.

"Good!" Captain John cried. "The arms first!"

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A Slip.

Flavia McMurrough enjoyed one advantage over her partners in conspiracy. She could rise on the morning after the night of the bonfire with a clear head.

Colonel John had scarcely passed away under guard before she was afoot, gay as a lark and trilling like one, for on this day would they begin a work the end of which no man could see, but which, to the close of time, should shed a lustre on the name of McMurrough. No more should their native land be swept along a chained slave in the train of a more brutal, a more violent, and a more stupid people? From this day Ireland's valor should be recognized for what it was, her wit be turned to good uses, her old traditions be revived in the light of new glories. The tears rose to the girl's eyes, her bosom heaved, as she pictured the fruition of the work to be begun this day and with clasped hands and prayerful eyes sang her morning hymn.

The tears gushed from her eyes and with an overflowing heart she thanked heaven for the grace and favor that assigned her a part in the work. It was much—may she be forgiven!—if, in the first enthusiasm of the morning, she gave a single thought to the misguided kinsman whose opposition had exposed him to dangers at which she vaguely guessed.

She lived in a dream, but a golden dream, and when she descended to the living room her lips quivered as she kissed the bishop's hand and received on her bent knees his episcopal blessing. "And on this house, my daughter," he added, "and on this day!"

"Amen!" she murmured in her heart.

True, breakfast, and the hour after breakfast, gave some pause to her happiness. The men's nerves were on edge with potheen and they had not been at table five minutes before quarreling broke out. The Spanish officer who was in attendance on Cammock came to words with one of the O'Fernes, who resented the notion that the admiral's safey was not sufficiently secured by the Irish about him. The peace was kept with difficulty, and so much ill-feeling survived the outbreak that Cammock thought it prudent to remit two-thirds of the sailors to the ship.

This was not a promising beginning, where the numbers were already so scanty that the bishop wondered in his heart whether his dupes would dare to pass from words to action. But it was not all. Some one spoke of Asgill, and of another justice in the neighborhood, asserting that their hearts were with the rising and that at a later point their aid might be expected.

"The Evil One's spawn!" cried Sir Doony, rising in his place, and speaking under the influence of great excitement. "If you're dealing with them, I'm riding! No Protestants! I'd as soon never wear sword again as wear it in their company."

"You're not meaning it, Sir Doony!" Uncle Ulick said.

"Faith, but if he's not, I am!" cried old Tim Burke, rising and banging the table with his fist. "'Tis what I'm meaning, and not a bit of a mistake! Just that!"

Another backed him with so much violence that the most moderate and sensible looked serious and it needed the bishop's interference to calm the storm. "We need not decide one way or the other," he said, "until they come in." Probably he thought that an unlikely contingency. "There are arguments on both sides," he continued, blandly. "But of this at another time. I think we must be moving, gentlemen. It's growing late."

While the gentry talked thus at table, the courtyard and the space between the house and the lake began to present, where the mist allowed them to be seen, the lively and animated appearance which the Irish, ever lovers of a crowd, admire. Food and drink were there served to the barefoot, shock-headed boys drawn up in bodies under their priests, or under the great men's agents, and when these matters had been consumed one band after another moved off in the direction of the rendezvous. This was at the Carraghalin, a name long given to the ruins of an abbey situated on an upland valley above the waterfall.

The orders for all were to take their seats in an orderly fashion and in a mighty semi-circle about a well known rock situated a hundred yards from the abbey. Tradition reported that in old days this rock had been a pulpit and that thence the Irish apostle had preached to the heathen. The turf about it was dry, sweet and sheep bitten; on either side it sloped gently to the rock, while a sentry, posted on each of the two low hills which flanked the vale, was a sufficient surety against surprise.

It was not until the last of the peasants had filed off that the gentry began to make their way in the same direction. The buckeens were the first to go, while the last to leave were the Admiral and the Bishop, honorably escorted, as became their rank, by their host and hostess.

Freed from the wrangling and confusion which the presence of the others bred, Flavia regained her serenity as she walked. There was nothing indeed in the face of nature, in the mist and the dark day, and the moisture that hung in beads on thorn and furze, to cheer her. But she drew her spirits from a higher source, and, sanguine and self-reliant, foreseeing naught but success, stepped proudly along beside the Bishop, who found, perhaps, in her presence and her courage a make-weight for the gloom of the day.

"You are sure," he said smiling, "that we shall not lose our way?"

"Ah, and I am sure," she answered, "I could take you blindfold."

"The mist——"

"It stands, my lord, for the mist overhanging this poor land, which our sun shall disperse."

"God grant it!" he said. "God grant it, indeed, my daughter!" But, do what he would, he spoke without fervor.

They passed along the lake edge, catching now and then the shimmer of water on their right. Thence they ascended the steep path that led up the glen of the waterfall to the level of the platform on which the old tower stood. Leaving this on the right they climbed yet a little higher and entered a deep driftway that, at the summit of the gorge, clove its way between the mound behind the tower and the hill on their left, and so penetrated presently to the valley of the Caraghalin. The mist was thinner here, the nature of the ground was more perceptible, and they had not proceeded fifty yards along the sunken way, before Cammock, who was leading, in the company of The McMorrough, halted.

"A fine place for a stand," he said, looking about him with a soldierly eye. "And better for an ambush. Especially on such a morning as this, when you cannot see a man five paces away."

"I trust," the Bishop, answered, smiling, "that we shall have no need to make the one or to fear the other."

"You could hold this," Flavia asked eagerly, "with such men as we have?"

"Against an army," Cammock answered.

"Against an army," she murmured as, her heart beating high with pride, they resumed their way. Flavia and the Bishop in the van. "Against an army!" she repeated fondly.

The words had not fully left her lips when she recoiled. At the same moment the Bishop uttered an exclamation, Cammock swore and seized his hilt. The McMurrough turned as if to flee. For on the path, close to them, facing them with a pistol in his hand, stood Colonel Sullivan.

He levelled the pistol at the head of the nearest man, and, though Flavia, with instant presence of mind, struck it up, the act helped little. Before Cammock could clear his blade, or his companions back up his resistance, four or five men of Colonel John's following flung themselves on from behind. They were seized, strong arms pinioned them, knives were at their throats. In a twinkling, and while they still expected death, sacks were dragged over their heads and down to their waists and they were helpless.

It was well, it was neatly done; and completely done, with a single drawback. The men had not seized Flavia, and, white as paper, but with rage, not fear, she screamed shrilly for help—screamed twice.

She would have screamed a third time, but Colonel Sullivan, who knew that they were scarcely two furlongs from the meeting place, and from some hundreds of merciless foes, did the only thing possible. He flung his arms round her, pressed her face roughly against his shoulder, smothered her cries remorsely. Then raising her, aided by the man with the musket he bore her, vainly struggling—and, it must be owned, scratching—after the others out of the driftway.

The thing done, the Colonel's little band of Frenchmen knew that they had cast the die and must now succeed or perish. The girl's screams quickly suppressed, might not have given the alarm, but they had set nerves on edge. The prick of a knife was used—and often—to apprize the blinded prisoners that if they did not move they would be piked. They were dragged, a seaman on either side of each captive, over some hundred paces of rough ground, through the stream, and so into a path little better than a sheep track, which ran round the farther side of the hill of the tower and descended that way to the more remote bank of the lake. It was a rugged path, steep and slippery, dropping precipitously a couple of feet in places, and more than once following the bed of the stream. But it was traceable even in the mist, and the party from the sloop, once put on it, could follow it.

If no late comer to the meeting encountered them, Colonel John, to whom every front of the ground was familiar, saw no reason, apart from the chances of pursuit, why they should not convey their prisoners to the sloop. All, however, depended on time. Flavia's screams had not given the alarm, it would soon be given by the absence of those whom the people had come to meet. The missing leaders would be sought, pursuit would be organized.

But with peril on every side of them, Flavia was still the main, the real difficulty. Colonel Sullivan could not hope to carry her far, even with the help of the man who fettered her feet and bore part of her weight. Twice she freed her mouth and uttered a stifled cry. The Colonel only pressed her face more ruthlessly to him—his men's lives depended on her silence. But the sweat stood on his brow, and, after carrying her more than three hunded yards, he staggered under the unwilling burden. He was on the path now and descending and he held out a little further.

But presently, when he had hoped she had swooned, she fell to struggling more desperately. He thought, on this, that he might be smothering her, and he relaxed his hold to allow her to breathe. For reward she struck him madly, furiously in the face, and he had to stifle her again.

But his heart was sick. It was a horrible, a brutal business, a thing he had not foreseen on board the Cormorant. He had supposed that she would faint at the first alarm; and his courage, which would have faced almost any event with coolness, quailed. He could not murder the girl, and she would not be silent. No, she would not be silent! Short of setting her down and binding her hand and foot, which would take time, and was horrible to imagine, he could not see what to do. And the man with him, who saw the rest of the party outstripping them, and as good as disappearing in the fog, who fancied, with every step, that he heard the feet of merciless pursuers overtaking them, was frantic with impatience.

Then Colonel John, with the sweat standing on his brow, did a thing to which he afterward looked back with great astonishment.

(To Be Continued.)

### The Professor's Mistake

The Bellman.

When Mrs. Sillerby went out for the afternoon she told her husband that she hoped the children would not annoy him at his work—the husband being, of course, that famous Prof. Sillerby of whom so many stories are told. He was, as is well known, one of the profoundest scholars that America has produced and little more than a baby in the everyday affairs of life.

Mrs. Sillerby then expressed a hope that the children would not interrupt the professor's work, in saying which she showed herself a singularly sanguine woman. There were a lot of children, and they seemed to have no other mission in life that afternoon except to make work of any kind impossible. They began with hide and seek on the floor of the room where the professor was working, till he stopped that; then they slid down the stairs in bathtubs and tea trays and things.

That being prohibited, they played at three-ring circus in the room over the professor's head, materially assisted therein by the possession of a big drum, which some considerate friends had given one of them at Christmas. The professor stood it with such patience as he could command till the afternoon began to draw in, and then, in his despair, an inspiration came to him. He would put them to bed. It was rather a complicated proceeding, but he managed it—not being at all certain which child belonged to which bed—and left them with a threat that if they stirred till their mother came home he would call a policeman.

The professor had hardly returned to his work when Mrs. Sillerby came in, and he door in the small nursery."

"I will go up and see," said his wife. And up she went.

"I don't wonder you had some trouble with that boy," she said quietly when she came down again ten minutes later. "Do you know which child that is?"

"No; I don't think I noticed," said the professor.

"I don't think you could have," said his wife. "That is Tommy Watkins from across the street."

### Midsummer.

When the yellow mustard's waving
High above the spreading dock,
When the bumble-bee is slaving
Deep within the hollyhock,
When the ragweed dust is blowing
In the fennel's eye so blear,
Tearful then my eyes a-growing
And I know my fever's here.

When the thistle stands up stately,
Like a sturdy sentinel,
Hummingbirds, attired ornately,
Boom above the lily's bell;
When the plumelike heads of grasses
Gently beckon in the breeze,
Through my frame a shudder passes,
And I sneeze and sneeze and sneeze.

When the dreary, drowsy season
Gets into the blood and brain,
Playing havoc with the reason,
Then I long with might and main
Just to shed my many worries
And to loiter at my ease.
What's the use? Hay fever's flurries
Make me sneeze and sneeze and sneeze.

—Chicago News.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL

### THE FIRST BOOK OF A NEW FAITH

**The International Sunday School Lesson for Aug. 8 Is "Paul's Instructions to the Thessalonians." —I Thess. 5: 12-24.**

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Clamant discussion of old creeds and new religions fills the air just now, and it is opportune that the Sunday schools are to study this week the first of the group of documents which make up the New Testament. This particular bit of writing is not found at the beginning of the collection of books, because the canon is not put together in chronological order. Instead of the Book of Matthew being first, or any of the four Gospels, for that matter, the earliest of the Christian writings that have come down to us is (with the posible exception of the Letter by James) the epistle which Paul wrote from Corinth, while on the second missionary journey which we are studying, to the converts at Thessalonica. It is to be borne in mind that the Thessalonians lived in what is now the city of Salonica, where Turkey's deposed sultan, Abdul Hamid, sits in banishment.

A flood of light upon the life of the early converts is thrown by this letter. It was written some time within eighteen months of the author's visit to Thessalonica (for that was the length of his sojourn in Corinth), so that all we find reflected of organized Christian life and work had been the development of a comparatively few months. Those commingled Jews and heathen had been on the Way—multiplying rapidly, it is to be noted—only for a short time. Yet how true to type they are in essentials.

There is no glossing of human nature in this letter. The conditions it reveals were by no means perfect. But Christianity is singular in that it faces facts as they are, and deals squarely with the present conditions of man's heart. It stays right where everybody can observe its teachings at work. It either gets results from ordinary men and women or else it fails to get them. Anybody can look and see. Contrast this with the multitude of speculative philosophies of the "advanced" religions, old and new, that bid for men's allegiance. Even some of the physical sciences arouse our impatience by their vagueness. Here is an eminent astronomer who tells in a current magazine just how our planet is going to smash, a thousand billion years hence, by bumping into a star whose light has gone out. Perhaps it is all true—at least the prophet is safe from contradiction—but nobody will get excited over it, with a thousand billion years of leeway. What normal men and women are more concerned about just now is to keep young people from going to smash in this year 1909. We want a religion that will save from disaster the precious human spirits that are now living. That was the sort of gospel Paul had preached to the Thessalonians.

**A Great Heart's Solicitude.**

As he watched the leaven which he had deposited in their midst grow, we note Paul's solicitude for these children of his preaching. With fatherly tenderness and watchfulness he yearned over them. Their welfare had become inwrought into the very fibre of his being. Consider the fragment of his letter which has been especially indicated for the day's study:

"But we beseech you, brethern, to know them which labor among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you; and to esteem them exceeding highly in love for their work's sake. Be at peace among yourselves. And we exhort you, brethern, admonish the disorderly, encourage the fainthearted, support the weak, be long-suffering toward all, that none render unto any one evil for evil; but always follow after that which is good, one toward another, and toward all. Rejoice always; pray without ceasing; in everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus to youward. Quench not the Spirit; despise not prophesyings; prove all things; hold fast that which is good; abstain from every form of evil.

"And the God of peace himself sanctify you wholly; and may your spirit and soul and body be preserved entire, without blame at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it."

**The Preacher's Place.**

Probably nothing like the modern ecclesiastical organizations had been created at Thessalonica. Yet there were leaders and teachers—"presbyters" or "bishops"—to direct the assemblies and labors of the disciples. Paul was zealous for the honor and authority of these. There were no "heady" converts in Thessalonica who thought they knew more than the pastors. Paul was too good a Jew to look unconcerned upon any lack of respect for God's minister. What he would say today if he could observe how some church committees and officials treat the Lord's undershepherds—as if they were sextons or errand boys or day-laborers—we cannot tell; but it probably would be in his most scorching style. There are some of us who are old-fashioned enough to believe that the land will never receive the spiritual baptism for which multitudes are praying until a good many churches learn to treat their preachers decently.

There is the other side, of course, which a minority of the men in the ministry need to consider; namely, that theirs is a high calling for God, and not a mere job or a profession. The minister who is forever working with his eye on a better "call," and on the record that he is making in the denominational year books; who joins secret societies in order to further his ambitions; who schemes for ecclesiastical preferment, who measures a field by its salary and who, in short, is constantly thinking of himself rather than of the flock of Christ—such a one is outside of the Pauline classification.

That is the sort of preacher they can make in theological seminaries; and he will never once utter an unorthodox word. But preachers are not made by schools; preachers are called of God. It is because they are man-made preachers that there are empty churches. The ministry is in rather poor repute in some quarters merely because the visible samples are poor. The world has not outgrown its need for preaching; given a true prophet and shepherd, and the people will still follow and honor him. There is just as much work and influence and grateful affection awaiting the right kind of pastor as ever there was.

**Is a New Religion Coming.**

The distinguished president-emeritus of Harvard college was reported by the newspapers a few days ago as declaring that a new twentieth century religion is coming, to take the place of this first-century faith which transformed Thessalonians and Corinthians and Athenians, and proved its power greater than the mighty Roman Empire. This new religion is not to come by authority or revelation; it will "just grow" like Topsy, and in its rare atmosphere mankind will lift itself by its own boot straps. There will be no Christ in it, but it will be a sort of monotheistic partheism. It will have a surgeon, but no heaven to which his unsuccessful cases may go. Under it men and women will not be sinful beings needing redemption, but free souls interpenetrated with the divine.

If one may have the temerity to take issue with such a distinguished authority, and put in a plea for the old-fashioned gospel that made over these heathen Thessalonians then it may be suggested that this sort of evolutionary religion which is proposed does not square comfortably with the facts of history. Had not Athens evoluted far? Some scholars look back upon her days as the golden age of humanity. Why hasn't the evolution continued? Athens perished like a rotten apple. Some of us who have seen evoluted man where the props of Christian sentiment did not uphold him are not enthusiastic over the inherent divinity of humanity. During the Spanish war I was in camp at Chickamauga with a Massachusetts regiment; I need not say more.

If any man thinks the Pauline religion which saves man, whose natural drift is downward,—saves him from himself and in spite of his environment—has become a back number let him spend his book allowance for a year in travel. Let him go to the Kneeland Street Mission in Boston, the Water Street Mission in New York, the Gallilee Mission in Philadelphia, the Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago, or hundreds of others, where slum bums or college graduates who have gone utterly to the devil, are made over into the new by the mysterious power of Jesus Christ. Or let him go today to Uganda or Fiji or Korea, where, without the slow process of evolution, men have taken on the New Testament traits within a generation. This great issue of heedless, Christless, colorless, churchless religion, versus the Church which has been making history for twenty centuries, and never so mightily as now, seems to be joined. It behooves the Sunday schools to present a Saviour who can still make men and women over even as he did in Asia Minor.

**New Rules for the New Way.**

Christianity does not have to wait for the slow process of time in order to effect radical changes in human life. Here we find Paul writing, within less than two years after he first set foot in Thessalonica, concerning qualities of character which are of the very highest. He expected a new walk of all who were in the new Way. Tabulate even so few of the requirements as are in this fragment of the letter under present study:

"Keep the stragglers in line."
"Encourage the faint-hearted."
"Support the weak."
"Be long-suffering toward all."
"See that none render evil for evil."
"Follow after that which is good."
"Rejoice always."
"Pray without ceasing."
"In everything give thanks."

If these do not represent a high-water mark of character (especially since we remember the heathen environment), we may proceed to the climax of the lesson wherein Paul prays for nothing less than the entire sanctification of his friends. The darling goal of the early Christian church was holiness. They projected afterward the blackness of the wicked world in which they lived a people of simple faith whose lives were of shining purity. That was their testimony in their time to Christ's power. And that witness was then, is now, and ever will be, irresistible. For the world has no argument with which to answer a holy life.

### New Source of Fuel in Maine.

From the Kennebec Journal.

Machinery has been set up at East Orrington bog to convert peat into fuel at short notice. In describing the machinery and its use a dispatch states: "The machinery may be described as a double-ended, horizontal hydraulic press, driving plungers in 30-inch cylinders at each end. The ends of the cylinders open much like a breech-loading cannon. The cylinders were 'loaded' with a barrowload of peat directly from the bog, resembling soft and slushy brown mud. The cylinder heads were closed and bolted and the hydraulic pump started. The pressure was run up to 7,800 pounds to the square inch, the water running in streams from the cylinders. The cylinder heads were then opened, and from one a solid disk, 30 inches in diameter and about one and a half inches in thickness, was taken out. It was so hard that it could be walked on without leaving a mark, and—the main point of it all—free enough of water for all purposes as a commercial fuel. In the other cylinder was an iron mold which divided the charge into cubes or briquettes. Although the pressed peat is supposed to be stacked and dried for a short time, a portion of the product of the test was placed in a fire under the steam boiler and was soon in a blaze, although but a short time before it was not much more than mud."

**The Scarlet Letter of Quality, the Red W**

It stands for unequalled merit, entire reliability and invariable uniformity in

**RIFLES, SHOTGUNS AND AMMUNITION**

ke of Pressed Steel Car Makers

tlook.
wage-earner any rights which loyer is bound to respect? Is lic concerned with the way in s private company treats its s? Is the workman, who the product, to be put upon a t basis from that of the ma- out of which the product is Is the workman to be treated e than as a tool or a piece of ery?
are the very simple questions are raised by the strike in the Steel Car company's works at Rocks, near Pittsburg. These stions which concern not mere- company and the men who en employed by it; they con- e whole country. As they are d in one way or another in stance, they will grow more ng or less significant in other They seem to be very elemen- At any rate, they are funda-

has now raised these ques- A little over a year ago, when essed Steel Car company was its men according to a piece- ystem, there was a cut in In January of this year, when lant became busy again, the te system was supplanted by g system. In each department mpany set aside a certain sum much product, out of which the in the making of that product id. For example, for the press n each car a certain sum was in wages among the men do- t press work. Thus the com- could know before hand just he labor cost on each car would e men, on the other hand, could ow from day to day, or week , what their wages were to be. for fair dealing they had to absolutely to the company's ping department; and over partment they, of course, had trol. They had to bear the loss the mistakes of foremen, to es of machinery, to possible e in material, and to the waste by incompetent or inexperi- workers. The company has as- that a minimum wage is virtu- aranteed. However that may der the guise of this change in there was really established a cut in wages. Of course the ar- ent was profitable to the com- Under this scheme the com- had a fixed labor cost, and it hat labor cost itself. It refused with the men except as indi- It took from each man a percentage of his wages as a ution to an insurance fund, l damages for accidents were om that fund. What the con- ons to the fund and what the es for accidents should be were ined by the company, not the The company denies what the sert, that they have had to pay n for getting and even for jobs; but it does not pretend ever gave the men a chance to complaint or present grievances. ver, the men have felt, and oth- convinced, that the plant was th outrageous disregard for hu- ife. The laborers, being largely rians and other foreigners, have en properly safeguarded. Sto- the effect that the plant killed ies"—as the Hungarians are -at the rate of one a day can- substantiated, and are un- dly gross exaggerations; but ave arisen because the company pt a determined attitude of si- and secrecy with regard to cas- It is notorious that the d Steel Car company, like other s in the Pittsburg district, has willing to weigh the lives of ies" against the preservation of machinery. If any one desires w what the attitude of Pitts- factories on this subject has e has only to examine the find- f the Pittsburg Survey. Out of s came the strike. The men, nized, undirected, without re- s, asked for a chance to be they asked for arbitration. were denied, and they left work. re is no strike," says President t, of the company. "I hired men to do a certain work for d agreed to pay them a certain They quit work. Well, they ight to do that. If they do not to comply with the conditions which they were hired, that's usiness. So, you see, there is no to end." He added: "There is g to arbitrate in the present y. The officers of the company ot meet with any committee of n. When the peace officers get ons so that the men can go to n safety, workmen in Pittsburg inity will be given the first op- ity to go to work. . . We are ling on the sheriff and the state bulary to bring about this l condition. That is what the y pays taxes for."
n these facts and this statement ink it is clear how the Pressed Car company answers the ele- y question raised by the strike: he workman any rights the em- is bound to respect? He has ht to quit work, and that is his ght in industry. Is the public ed in the way a company its men? Not at all; it is the s business simply to protect ty and enable the capitalist to borers; what the capitalist does hose laborers after he gets them e of the public's business. Is rkman on a different basis from aterial on which he works? Not ally. The only difference is he car company has to buy its at the price set by the steel facturers; whereas, it buys its at its own price. This is, of because the steel manufactur- e organized, while these laborers t. Is the workman to be treated se than as a tool or a piece of nery? Certainly with no more probably with less. If a piece of nery breaks down, the company stand the loss; so it is careful chinery. But if a workman is some slight damages are paid f the workmen's fund; so the any does not have to be careful n.
attitude is that of industrial racy. It is the attitude of those believe that the sole control of ry belongs to the owner of cap- It is an attitude that cannot be ained in a democracy. Indeed, it sible only to the autocrat or the ist. If the principle upheld by ent Hoffstot is right, then So- m is inevitable, for the public control industry; and if the of capital is the sole arbiter dustry, then the public must own pital; and that is Socialism.
do not believe that the owner of al is the sole arbiter of industry. has a right as well as capital ect industrial activity and decide rial questions. The public is and more going to concern itself the condition of laborers; it is to see that laborers have at as advantageous a position as on, and that a human being be ed of more value than many of machinery. Mr. Hoffstot is lic of a past epoch.

# The FARMSTEAD

## QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I have a colt five months old that has been lame in his right forefoot for more than two months. He walks on his toe and the foot is pitched forward to some extent. What must I do for him? Here is another question: What will kill lice on calves?—M., Erie, Tenn.

Will somebody please give me a remedy for killing bores in young peach trees?—E., Spencer, W. Va.

Will some woman reader of the Farmstead column please give me a recipe for making dill pickles, without vinegar?—C., Springport, Mich.

## CABBAGE PESTS

R., Concord, N. H.: I am planning to have 2,000 heads of cabbage this fall, and I have some very nice ones. I will give you my formula for the several cabbage pests. For the cutworms I put bran around the roots—a little Paris green in it. For worms or all pests that eat the leaves I use wood ashes from under the oven. These ashes are sure death to any insect that tries to eat them.—D.

## GREEN-STRIPED MAPLE WORM

Maple trees are attacked by a number of insects, the worst of which are the fall webworm and the caterpillar of the tussock moth. Another troublesome pest of all kinds of maple is the green-striped maple worm, which eats the leaves often defoliating the tree entirely. This is a naked caterpillar, yellowish green, nearly two inches long. The moth of this caterpillar is of a beautiful pale yellow shade with delicate pink. The spread of wing is about two inches.

The insect abounds especially in Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Illinois and Iowa, but is found also in the Gulf states and in the north and east. In Missouri there are two broods in a year and each female moth lays at least 150 eggs.

Some birds eat the green-striped maple worm, such as the robin, bluebird, tufted titmouse, red-headed woodpecker, and others. These should be protected.

Paris green sprayed on the trees will kill the young caterpillars; one pound to 50 gallons of water may be used, but one-half pound will probably be sufficient. Arsenate of lead may be used as strong as 2 to 4 pounds for 50 gallons of water.

A trench dug around the tree, a foot deep, with sides sloping under, will trap large numbers of caterpillars as they leave the tree in search of a place to bore into the ground and enter the pupa stage of their life. In the trench they can be easily killed.

This insect is more fully described in circular 110 of the bureau of entomology, U. S. department of agriculture.

## CORN CULTIVATION

In many sections this summer the weather has been so wet that the cornfields are beginning to look weedy, and it will require active work to keep the weeds from choking out the corn, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. When corn is small and the soil dry young weeds are easily killed with the harrow and harrowing is one of the best ways of cultivating young corn when the soil is real dry and likely to stay dry for some time. So long as the soil remains dry keep the harrow going just as long as it can be used without tearing out the corn. However, when the soil becomes filled with water and packed by heavy rains the shovel cultivator is the best tool for use for young corn, as it will cover up more weeds and loosen up the soil for the air to reach the roots of the growing plants.

Where corn is planted one way and no cross cultivation can be done, weeds can be taken out between the hills of corn by making the team walk slow and moving the handles of the cultivator in and out between the hills. With a little practice at manipulating the shovel by means of the handles, a good man can literally hoe the corn and do it better than by hand, since the cultivator tears the weeds out by the roots while the hoe only cuts them off, to quickly sprout up again. When there are no weeds to kill in the corn we aim to let the shovels run only two or three inches deep and let the team walk as fast as it will. When the corn is small we let the fenders down so that the clods are not thrown on the corn plants, but only the finest soil reaches them. As the corn grows larger at subsequent cultivations the fenders are gradually raised and more dirt put to the corn.

Many men in cultivating corn, either with the cultivator or harrow, are extremely afraid that all of the corn will either be pulled up or covered up. Get this worry out of your mind. Small corn covered up, if not with too big a clod, will almost invariably push its way out and grow without harm. In harrowing corn we never pay any attention as to whether it is piled up or covered up. Two days after harrowing the field will look just as thick with plants as it did before the harrowing. It is similarly true where the two-horse cultivator is used.

## AGRICULTURE IN ALASKA

The area of Alaska is so great that the United States government maintains five agricultural experiment stations in the territory, so situated that crops may be tested under all the climatic conditions. Sitka, on the strip of coast projecting southeast, has a fairly mild climate, while the station at Rampart is close to the Arctic Circle. C. C. Georgeson, special agent in charge of all the stations, in his annual report for 1908, recently issued by the United States department of agriculture, declares unqualifiedly that "Alaska is an agricultural country," that good hay can be produced "in any quantity" for winter feeding, while the native grasses "can maintain live stock in excellent condition in summer. He says also that "potatoes cabbage, cauliflower, rhubarb, turnips, lettuce, and, in fact, all the hardy vegetables can be grown to perfection up to and even within the Arctic Circle, as has been proved by thousands of settlers." But before Alaska can be largely settled, railroads and wagon roads must be built. Under present conditions, he says, "few farmers can afford to go to Alaska with their families, live stock and equipment." The expense of transportation "would equal the cost of a farm in the States."

Abundant sunshine is essential for good crops in Alaska. In 1908 the rainfall during the growing season at Sitka was 16.22 inches, against 24.76 inches the year before, and 18.91 inches in 1906. The smaller rain meant more sunshine, and the result in 1908 was large crops of potatoes, cabbage, cauliflower and various root crops. The quality also was better.

Mr. Georgeson believes that Alaska has undeveloped resources sufficient for the support of a large population. But there, as he says, "Nature is stern and uncompromising, and we must submit to the conditions she imposes."

Among many interesting facts given in the report is this: Watermelons were brought to maturity out of doors on the Hot Springs farm, which is in the Tanana valley, in latitude 64° north. It seems that on part of this farm the soil is warmed from the same source, whatever that is, that heats the water of the springs. This farm has now 150 acres regularly under crop, the greater portion devoted to potatoes.

The report gives details of the year's work at the several stations.

## CLOVER IN CORN

A neighbor of ours sows clover in his corn at the last cultivation and nearly always has a good stand. The clover seed is sown broadcast when the corn is a little over waist high, so that the tops of the corn plants will not interfere with the full scattering of the seed. The last shallow cultivation of the corn is relied upon to cover the seed. This is given about the middle of July and by the last of August the clover is up two or three inches high and makes a good growth before winter. Where the corn is cut for fodder the clover can be cut for hay the following spring, and when the stalks are left in the field the clover may be used for pasture.

A variety of hay or forage crops may be sown in corn, either before or after the last cultivation. Among them are peas, crimson clover, red clover, rye and oats. Rye and oats for late fall and winter pastures are often sown in corn with a one-horse drill after the last cultivation of the corn and after the rush of other busy work is over. Cowpeas intended for pasture when the corn is cut should be sown at the last cultivation of the corn since they require some time to mature and are soon killed by autumn frosts. Some men sow peas in corn when the corn is nearly mature by riding a horse and sowing the seed over the tops of the corn plants.

There are many advantages in sowing clover and other forage crops in the summer corn field, the main one of which is that the field makes much better late pasture after the corn has been cut for fodder or gathered for storing. Also, on hilly land or any land that is inclined to wash by winter rains the clover crop holds the soil and prevents its washing away, and the extra vegetable growth when plowed under the next spring adds humus and fertilizing material to the land. It is a method of securing almost double benefit from the land during the year.

When oats are sown in corn in summer they will grow up to good height and make splendid feed early in the fall and will stay green and good till after several frosts, but they are killed by heavy freezing and must be pastured rather early to get the most good from them. Rye will stay green and afford pasturage all winter in central and southern latitudes except when the ground is covered with snow. In early spring it renews its growth, maturin fast and affording much good pasture before other grasses have made much growth. If it cannot or is not desired to be pastured, it will grow up in spring large enough to be plowed under in late spring for the season's crop, and it makes the best of green manure for the land. If the corn the previous fall was cut for fodder, the rye can be allowed to stand for harvesting. If the corn stalks have been left in the field they can be dragged or harrowed down without seriously injuring the crop on and the rye be harvested for seed and straw.

In sowing clover or rye in corn at the last cultivation, where the crop is to occupy the field for one or two more subsequent years, very level cultivation of the corn should be given. This will leave ground comparatively smooth and the rains of winter and spring will further tend to make it level. Where ridges remain the field may be rolled the following spring so that the land will be smooth for the mower or reaper.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## GRAIN SMUTS

A dangerous parasite of many of the cereal plants is the fungus that produces in the grain or head what is known as smut. There are several well-known kinds of smut, each of which is caused by a distinct species of the fungus.

The greatest loss from smuts in this country is from the stinking smut of wheat and the loose smut of oats. A considerable loss is also due to the loose smuts of barley and wheat, which are more difficult to control and prevent. They are widely distributed, and, though they occur usually in small quantities, the damage in the aggregate is large. They often are entirely unnoticed on account of their earliness and the absence of any conspicuous sign of them at harvest time.

The stinking smut of wheat transforms only the kernels into smut balls, which do not break until the wheat is threshed and often remain intact in the threshed grain. The loose smuts of barley on the other hand, early discharge their spores, which are blown off by the wind as soon as the smutted head comes out of the leaf sheath; they infect the plant in the flowering stage and enter the embryo inside the ovary before the latter ripens into seed. An infected seed develops a smutted plant the following year.

The most successful method thus far found for preventing these smuts is a hot-water treatment of the seed. This treatment is described in Bureau of Plant Industry Bulletin 152, entitled The Loose Smuts of Barley and Wheat, recently issued by the United States department of agriculture. The bulletin is a report of recent researches into the life histories of these smuts and the determination of mehods for their prevention, and is intended for seed growers and scientific farmers.

## HEALTHY HOGS

In most sections hogs have been generally healthy for the past two years. During this time corn has been very high in price and farmers have been careful in feeding it. We have not seen many places where whole wagon loads of corn have been dumped in the feed lot or pasture for the animals to eat at will.

Corn in itself is not an impure feed, and there is no conclusive evidence that it will directly bring on disease. However, it is well known that hogs fed on an exclusive corn diet are not as healthy as those fed on a mixed diet. The reason is that corn is not a balanced ration, and the animal takes on more fat during the early period of growth than the frame can well support. Consequently the system becomes weakened and the animal is not so resistant to disease.

The prevailing high price of corn is compelling stock growers to rely more upon pasture and supplementary feeds for growing their hogs. This is almost sure to have a general beneficial effect in the physical powers and resisting qualities of hogs. Pigs in pasture not only secure a variety of easily digestible food, but the exercise in securing their food develops strong heart and lung power, making them less susceptible to the attacks of disease. Also, pasturing leads the animals over wider and cleaner grounds, hence they escape the baneful effects of overcrowded and more or less filthy quarters where disease is likely to breed.

The man who studies the question of swine feeding will find that hogs will eat and thrive on a wider range of common farm crops than is usually given them. They will eat clover and alfalfa either green or dry; they will eat and thrive on a variety of grasses and weeds of pastures; pumpkins and most root crops are consumed with a relish; and slops, milk of all kinds, and waste fruits of the garden and orchard are eaten by them as readily, if not more so, than high priced grains. With right management, pork can be produced as cheaply as it ever could, the hogs remain healthy, and corn be fed only for finishing for market.

## GOOD EGGS

As requisites for the production of good eggs and marketing them in good condition the following may be mentioned:

1. Hens that produce not only a goodly number of eggs but eggs of moderately large size (weighing two ounces each on an average)—Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds, Orpingtons, and Leghorns or Minorcas that are used on egg farms are varieties that may be expected to do this.

2. Good housing, regular feeding and watering and, above all, clean, dry nests.

3. Daily gathering of eggs, and, when the temperature is above 80 degrees, gathering twice a day.

4. The confining of all broody hens as soon as discovered.

5. The rejection as doubtful of all eggs found in a nest that was not visited the previous day. Such eggs should be used at home, where each may be broken separately.

6. The placing of all summer eggs as soon as gathered in the coolest place available.

7. The prevention at all times of moisture in any form coming in contact with the egg shells.

8. The disposal of young cockerels before they begin to annoy the hens. Also selling or confining of old male birds from the time hatching is over until cool weather in fall.

9. The using of cracked and dirty as well as small eggs at home. Some eggs, if consumed when fresh, are perfectly wholesome, but when marketed are discriminated against and are likely to become an entire loss.

10. The marketing of all eggs at least once a week and oftener when convenience allows.

11. Keeping eggs as cool and dry as possible while on the way to town and while in country stores.

12. Keeping eggs away from musty cellars or bad odors.

13. The use of strong, clean cases and good fillers.

14. The shipping of eggs to the final market at least once a week and as much oftener as possible.

## BARN OWLS

A family of barn owls will number from three to seven birds. It is difficult to believe what a lot of vermin and rodents a family of owls will consume. An old owl will capture as much or more food than a dozen cats in a night. The owlets are always hungry. They will eat their weight in food every night and more if they can get it. A case is on record in which a half-grown owl was given all the mice it could eat. It swallowed eight one right after another. The ninth followed all but the tail, which for some time hung out of the bird's mouth. The rapid digestion of birds of prey is shown by the fact that in three hours the little glutton was ready for a second meal and swallowed four more mise. If this can be done by a single bird, what effect must a whole family of owls have on the rodents of a community?

## THE FAMILY COW

Those who keep only one or two cows for family use have every advantage for not only producing good milk and butter, but also of breeding very high grade dairy stock, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. The fewer animals of one kind kept in one place, all things considered, the more healthy and productive they will be. On the average farm two good cows can be made to produce more in proportion than four or more good cows. There will be more feed for the two cows, better room for sheltering them, better pasture and more time for milking and otherwise caring for them.

It is similarly true with the small dairyman. He has the chances of making more in proportion with his small herd than the dairyman with a large herd. The small dairyman can do things right when it is often impossible for the large dairyman to do them well owing to inadequate help and many other adverse conditions which few people can control. Individual personal attention counts for much in the running of any business, and there are physical limits to the power of any one man in managing large numbers of men and animals.

The family cow ought to be the very best animal of her kind that can be procured. Unless the farm be very small, it will pay to keep two good cows, so that the milk supply will never stop when one cow goes dry each year. Two cows may be sheltered and handled almost as easily as one, while three might be more than sufficient for the family needs, where none of the products are sold. When the family cow is selected she should be chosen for all the good qualities which go to make up the best dairy animal—good ancestry, general dairy type conformity, beauty of shape and color, gentle disposition, large udder and perfect teats, and sufficiently large to be able to consume and assimilate large amounts of feed. If a pure bred registered animal of high producing power can be secured so much the better.

From the good family cow not only can large amounts of the cleanest and most nutritious food be secured, but valuable young stock can be grown. By breeding this good cow to a male of known merit the heifer calves will be very valuable either for home use or for sale. These calves will have the good qualities of their dam and, with right treatment, will be superior in other respects to heifers grown with a large number of others. The temperament and disposition of a cow are large factors in her usefulness, and the heifer that is full of life and fun, more than most other animals, where it has a large amount of sympathetic human care from birth to maturity, will almost invariably be gentle and of the best disposition. With few other cattle to struggle with, it will be less likely to be injured or stunted for want of feed. Good family cows are scarce and are commanding higher prices each year and the small dairyman and those who keep a few cows for family use are in the very best position to grow young dairy stock of the very best quality and that will sell for the best prices.

## The Optimist.

A motor car had run him down,
His leg was amputated.
But he with ne'er a sign of frown
Seemed very much elated.
"A wooden leg," quoth he, "is fine,
For there is little doubt
That timber-toes like these of mine
Can never suffer gout."

His party at the autumn poll
Was totally rejected,
But he, O bright and sunny soul,
Was not at all affected.
"If things go wrong at all," quoth he,
With ne'er a tear nor sigh,
"It really won't be up to me
To tell the reason why."

When by Perilla fair one day
He found that he was jilted,
He simply smiled all grief away,
And showed himself unwilted.
"She might have married me," he said,
"But now she's taken wing
I find I'm forty bones ahead
On the engagement ring."

And later on when he became
A prey to indigestion,
He took his troubles just the same,
With neither doubt nor question.
"'Tis hard," said he, "to lose one's health,
And yet how nice that I
Will never have to squander wealth
On lobster broiled and pie!"

And when at last he went to jail,
And found himself in limbo,
He neither wept, nor turned he pale,
But, with his arms akimbo,
Right jauntily he went his way,
And to his labors bent,
Rejoicing that for many a day
The public paid his rent!
—Harper's Weekly.

## Trunks for Aerial Travel.

London Globe.

An enterprising trunkmaker in Paris, we learn, has in his shop trunks for balloonists. On the outside, painted in white letters are the words "aero trunk." On the inside of the cover are instructions and hints for the traveler. 1. He is told to have no fear of tumbling out, for the car is well constructed and there is no danger of derailment. 2. Do not jump about in your joy, for the car is not a balcony. 3. Do not smoke or carry a spirit stove. 4. Do not go into ecstasies over the progress; everyone knows it and it is a waste of time. 5. Select your baggage with intelligence; only bring what is actually wanted, and this will be heavy enough. 6. Clothe yourself well, for in the air it will be fresh. 7. Do not be vexed if you find no wagon-restaurant 8. Do not point the finger of scorn at mortals less fortunate than yourself, who cannot delight in the beauties of the air. The trunk is of great lightness, the framework being of aluminum, with rings to attach it to the car. The trunk contains a small medicine chest, but we learn there is no provision for ladies' big hats.

## Gold From Sunken Spanish Ship.

London Chronicle.

In the most boisterous part of Mounts bay, and almost unapproachable except by sea, lies Dollar cove, where for the past three months a treasure seeking expedition, sent down by a London syndicate, has been quietly working. The company of seekers some three or four weeks ago suspended operations in order to get more powerful pumps and gear. These are in working order, and although the salvors have little to say about the matter, they appear to be hopeful of success. In the year 1788 a Spanish ship went ashore there with about twenty tons of specie aboard.

Everybody who lives on the coast is familiar with the appearance of the dollars, as large numbers have been washed up on the beach from time to time. Gold pieces are said to have been discovered recently by people walking on the beach.

## Pheasants Just Flew In.

Kansas City Star.

Paul Carter, of Wabash avenue, was disturbed while eating his breakfast last Sunday morning by the entrance of a pheasant into the dining room. This strange guest struck the window pane in entering the room and shattered the glass without injury to itself. The bird quietly alighted on a vacant chair and was so tame that Carter easily induced it to enter an empty cage. The pheasant is evidently a pet, and Carter is keeping and feeding it and is expecting an owner to claim it within a few days.

## Allowed, Surely.

Bohemian.

The magistrate looked severely at the small, red-faced man who had been summoned before him, and who returned his gaze without flinching.

"So you kicked your landlord downstairs?" said his honor. "Did you imagine that was within the rights of a tenant?"

"I'll bring my lease in and show it to you," said the little man, growing still redder, "and I'll wager you'll agree with me that anything they've forgotten to prohibit in that lease I had a right to do the very first good chance I got."

## Alarm Clocks for Horse Owners.

Philadelphia Record.

A boon to late sleepers who own horses and care for them themselves has been invented by George A. Elicker, a young farmer living near Spring Grove. Its chief feature is an alarm clock which automatically gives a horse its breakfast.

A closed box contains the proper amount of feed, and a wire connected with the sliding bottom of this box winds about a shaft on a common alarm clock. Elicker sets the clock for the hour at which he wants his horse fed, and slumbers undisturbed.

## The Pink of Propriety.

Youth's Companion.

When the stringed band, hidden behind the rose and carnation screen in Mrs. Poole's dining room, began to play an air from one of Meyerbeer's operas, the daughter of the house turned hopefully to the young and apparently dumb stranger who had been told off to take her in.

Here was a promising opening for conversation.

"Do you like Meyerbeer?" she asked.

"I never drank a glass of one of those lagers in my life," the young man replied coldly.

# SUMMER AT THE VATICAN MORE LIVELY THAN USUAL

### The Pope Dislikes the Automobile, but His Secretary Has One and Uses It—Gossip of the Coming Consistory and Its Formation.

ROME CORRESPONDENT IN THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

The Americans are probably thinking of Pius X. as flying about the Vatican gardens in the motor car which an American, whose name is kept secret, presented to him not long ago. This vision of the pontiff as an automobilist is not new, many are the rides he has been made to take—on paper. One dreamer even went so far as to see him in his dreams in goggles scorching out to Castelgandolfo, where Cardinal Merry del Val passes his summer vacation, while others have seen him paying visits about Rome.

Now the fact is that the pope dislikes automobiles and only gave way to their entering even the outside gates of the Vatican when his secretary of state bought one and used it. He could not very well oblige Cardinal Merry del Val to go up and down all those interminable stairs from his office to his automobile, and vice versa, so his eminence's motor car penetrated to the very heart of the citadel, the court of San Damaso, awakening unaccustomed echoes, and, one would imagine, causing the old stones which have seen so many changes for the worse and for the better, to blink, this time with surprise. Certainly the apostolic palace is a place of mystery and contrasts. At one door in the court may be seen the secretary of state, elegant, thin and most certainly up-to-date, entering his automobile and being rapidly borne out of sight, and just across the way Pius X., portly, benevolent and slow, stepping into his sedan chair, and being carried slowly away. To be fanciful one might say the twentieth century and the sixteenth join hands to make the holy see what it is today.

Thus it requires no very great cleverness to foresee that the pontiff will not use his new "carriage" very frequently. There is a circumstance also against it, and that is the size of the Vatican gardens. They are large and the roads are good enough, but a 30 or so horse-power car would go around them in two or three minutes, and one can imagine that after three or four days of this, when the novelty of the new motion had worn off, it might become monotonous. However, the first step has been taken in his acceptance of such a present and in his consenting to try it, and what the future holds no man may say.

A letter from Rome would be most indecorously incomplete this summer without a word about the weather. The usual degree of heat in July and August is from 90 to 95 in the shade, and now, as I write, it is 74, and this is the hottest day so far, while the evenings are so cool that one cannot sit with his back to an open window, and half-closed doors are a terror to even strong people. That there should be a draught at all is a surprise, but that it should be a cold draught is a phenomenon. The weather in Italy has been unseasonable ever since the earthquake at the end of December. In January, when it ought to have been settled, it was rainy, blowy and hot and cold, decidedly jumpy; March was warm, April hot, May cool, and June cold, and so on. The scientists must decide the cause, but the effects are clear enough—a usually crowded city deserted.

As a consequence of the coolness there is unusual activity at the Vatican for the time of the year. Audiences are, of course, practically suspended, but Pius X. insists on getting through with much business, and has done so without detriment to his health. Every morning sees him at his desk, and the Americans would probably be astonished to know how much of the business regards, directly or indirectly, the church in America. All the great dignitaries who were in Rome for the golden jubilee of the American college had affairs to discuss with the holy see and requests to make, all of which required attention and work on the part of Pius X. Boston was not neglected, as could be seen by the radiant and satisfied face of the archbishop as he left the Hotel Regina in his automobile on his way home.

It was only the other day that I met an officer who was present at an impromptu meeting between Archbishop O'Connell and the commander of the troops maneuvering at Bracciano. A most up-to-date automobile had been seen to come into the little town and it was expected that a superior officer would step out, so the surprise was great when under the dust coat was seen the purple of an archbishop. The goggles were not at first removed, and as the stranger spoke Italian with a pure accent, it was taken for granted that he was an Italian, which increased the surprise as Italian prelates do not usually grace the maneuvers of the troops of United Italy with their presence. After keeping up his incognito for a little and exercising the curiosity of the officers the archbishop of Boston revealed himself, and cannot fail to have been gratified at the astonishment expressed at his fluent command of a foreign language. He was invited to dinner by the officer in command, where his genial presence was an incentive to good fellowship and gayety. After dinner he visited thefamous mediaeval castle of Bracciano, one of the best of its kind in Italy, made famous for Anglo-Saxons by Sir Walter Scott's praise. On leaving he was voted the king of good fellows, while the officers privately said that if all churchmen were like that religion would be much more attractive.

Mgr. Falconio, who spent several weeks in Rome, will remain at Washington for some time longer. When the holding of a consistory in June was still a possibility it was considered probable that the apostolic delegate to the United States would be one of the cardinals to be created in it, and it was even said that he would be asked to remain in Rome to receive the red hat, and be substituted at Washington by Mgr. Aversa, the apostolic delegate at Cuba and Porto Rico, who, however, spends a good deal of his time in New York and Washington. The failure of this prediction shows that there will be no consistory until the end of this year, and that even if Mgr. Falconio is included among the cardinals to be then created, he will not be called to Rome for that ceremony, but will be left at Washington until the moment comes to give him the red hat in the consistory following. Meanwhile he will be virtually a cardinal, and the red berretta will be sent to him, just as was done with Cardinal Martinelli and Cardinal Satolli. A prelate from the Vatican, accompanied by a papal noble guard, will be entrusted with this mission, which in Catholic countries assumes a great importance and is performed in the most sumptuous manner, as the sovereign and his court, or the head of the state and his suite, take part in the ceremony, giving it an extraordinary solemnity.

Predictions, however, as we have seen, are most difficult, especially with the present pope, and more especially so with regard to consistories in which new cardinals are created. Pius X. does not seem at all anxious to fill the vacancies in the sacred college. Indeed, he is reported to have said that modern means of communication and of thoroughly and quickly watching what goes on in every part of the world, have to a certain extent, changed the mechanism of the holy see and rendered less necessary the constant existence of nearly seventy cardinals, which number is the maximum. Thus, whenever the pope can, he is only too pleased to postpone the appointment of new wearers of the purple. When the positions in Curia, which must be occupied by a cardinal, are filled, he does not seem to think that the others are so very urgent, since to be a good bishop it is not necessary to be a cardinal.

The beatification of Joan of Arc—which has been brought home so vividly to Bostonians by Miss Maude Adams' magnificent performance—has intensified interest in the ever increasing roll of the saints.

About forty new saints have lately been added to the calendar, but that by no means signifies that no more will be created for a long period. There are at present over three hundred persons before the congregation of rites whose careers are being minutely studied to prove their worthiness of the first step or a further step, towards saintship. Many of them have been created venerable or blessed centuries ago, while some others have not even attained the lowest honor. Among them are two who died in the fourteenth century, three in the fifteenth, eighteen in the sixteenth, seventy in the seventeenth, sixty-four in the eighteenth, and one hundred and fifty in the nineteenth. Of these thirty-five appertain to the secular clergy and two hundred and fifty-one to the regular clergy, among them archbishops, bishops, priests, acolytes, novices, etc.

A curious point is the prolificness in some congregations of men of unusual sanctity, and the scarcity of others. Of those now under discussion 44 are Franciscans, 30 Cappucines, 41 Jesuits, 14 Dominicans, 12 Redemptorists, 3 Benedictines, 5 Agnosticians, 5 Carmelites, 4 Barnabites, 6 Marists, 5 Passionists, while 39 are of the religious institutions of recent formation. Laymen, although of course they far exceed churchmen in numbers, seldom attain the honor of even being candidates, this being explained by the fact that very saintly people usually feel called to enter the church under the protection of some vow. It also is explainable as the process of beatification and ultimately canonization is not undertaken by the church, but by the descendants of the proposed saint or the diocese to which he belonged, and, as it is exceedingly costly, only the rich can afford it, while the expenses are within the means of the religious orders. The "cases" now being studied, as I have said, are over 300, and of them only 15 can be regarded as laymen, seven men (two of them patricians), two boys, martyred by the Mohammedans, and eight women, two of them queens, the other six being mothers of families.

MONSIGNOR X.

## Russian's Odd Wager.

St. Petersburg Cor. London Standard.

A man named Duhoroff has just won a highly original wager at Kief. He had undertaken to appear daily during eight days in the street employing each time a different mode of locomotion.

He commenced by running down the steps of his dwelling and along the boulevard on his hands. The following day he hopped through the town on one leg.

Stilts, a skipping rope, roller skates and a bath chair all followed in turn. One day he was conducted through the principal thoroughfares by a small boy who led him on a string.

The finest of his exploits was undoubtedly yesterday's performance, when, turning successive somersaults in the air for nearly a mile, he arrived amidst enthusiastic cheers at the cafe, where his friends were waiting to bestow the prize upon him.

## Kills Dog in Girl's Lap.

Danbury (Conn.) Dispatch to New York Herald.

Miss Sadie Williams, of New Fairfield, escaped unharmed Tuesday when a bolt of lightning killed a dog that lay in her lap. Miss Williams, the daughter of Oscar B. Williams, who has a country home near Neversink Pond, was sitting on the veranda when the storm came. The dog, alarmed at the thunder and lightning, ran to her to seek protection.

Miss Williams took him in her lap and was trying to calm him when there came a flash of lightning, and a ball of fire which traversed the veranda from end to end disappeared across the lawn. Miss Williams was dazed by the flash, but recovered immediately. The dog, unmarked by the lightning, lay dead at her feet.

## Useful Invention.

Lacon (Ill.) Journal.

The latest invention to hang in the family dining room is the gum board. It is a neat little circular board, plain or decorated, fastened to the wall. The name of each of the family is painted on the circumference and marks the spot where the gum is left until wanted. This saves carrying the gum to bed or getting it in one's hair or swallowing it in the night. It is obvious that the gum board supplies a long felt want, and he who invented the new fad will have the best wishes of the young ladies.


**I Guarantee to Cure ECZEMA TO STAY CURED!**

DR. J. E. CANNADAY, THE DOCTOR WHO TREATS NOTHING BUT ECZEMA.

It is also called SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, TETTER, ITCH, WEEPING SKIN, MILK CRUST, PRURITUS—these are different names, but all mean one thing—ECZEMA.

I prove every word that I have said—I give to every sufferer

**A FREE TRIAL**

Just to show you that you need my treatment. It is yours for the asking. If you have been to other Doctors, if you have taken patent medicine, and used lotions and salves till you are disgusted, write to me—I will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, A TRIAL TREATMENT. There are no strings to this statement. There is not one cent to pay—not a penny accepted. I know what my trial treatment will do; I know that it will convince you more than anything else on earth that you need my treatment.

**Don't Miss This Chance for a Cure**

If you are SUFFERING FROM ECZEMA you can only be cured one way—REMOVE THE CAUSE. What is the cause? ACID IN THE BLOOD. How do you remove it? By cleansing the blood of the ACID.

My treatment is soothing—relieves the dreadful itching at once and cures the disease quickly. You don't have to take treatment for months and months. ONLY ONE CASE IN TEN needs the second treatment—ONE IN FIFTY needs the third—think of that!

**What Eczema Is**

Eczema is a disease of the blood and affects all parts of the body—the face, lips, ears, hands, feet, genital organ, etc.

SYMPTOMS.—Yellowish red eruption; the pimples or patches may swell and the itching is so great the person will scratch the top off, then they bleed and dark scales form; there is an oozing of matter. In some the skin cracks and bleeds. Itching is terrible; a person suffering will scratch till they bleed. Scales form on parts of the body, where the clothing comes in contact.

**Ten Years Guarantee**

I positively Guarantee that every case cured by me will stay cured 10 YEARS! It must be good or it could not be sold this way.

**Strong as Rock of Gibraltar**

I am a graduate from two leading medical schools. I am the holder of a GOLD MEDAL taken in Competitive Examination. Does this not show that I am fully qualified? I will send you my book, showing endorsements of business men of all classes. Also testimonials and pictures from cured patients everywhere. Some of them may be YOUR NEIGHBORS.

**MY BOOK**

Is the most complete book ever sent out. I explain every form of the disease plainly and fully. I show pictures of many severe cases, which are extremely interesting. I send you names of thousands who have been cured and are grateful.

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Sedalia, Mo.

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Treatment and literature sent in plain wrapper.

**Reliable Beyond Question**

*This is a statement from the bank of my home town, where I have done business for years.*

THE CITIZENS' NATIONAL BANK OF SEDALIA.
SEDALIA, MO.
February 11th, 1908.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: This certifies that Dr. Cannaday's patients, from all over the United States, have been placing their money in this bank while they tried his treatment on eczema. In all this time we have been called upon but five times to return the patients money.

One died before the treatment was shipped; two did not get the treatment as it was lost in transit; one paid cash for the treatment three days later after getting her money; and one was not satisfied.

Citizens Nat. Bank
R. F. Hannis
Asst. Cas.


## The Trees.

I.

Now, in the thousandth year.
When April's near.
Now comes it that the great ones of the earth
Take all their mirth
Away with them, far off, to orchard-places,—
Nor they nor Solomon arrayed like these—
To sun themselves at ease;
To breathe of wind-swept spaces;
To see some miracle of leafy graces,—
To catch the out-flowing rapture of the trees.
Considering the lilies.
—Yes. And when
Shall they consider Men?

(O showering May-clad tree,
Bear yet awhile with me.)

II.

For now at last, they have beheld the trees.
Lo, even these!—
The men of sounding laughter and low fears;
The women of light laughter, and no tears;
The great ones of the town.
And those, of most renown,
That once sold doves,—now grown so penny-wise
To bargain with forlorner merchandise,—
They buy and sell, they buy and sell again,
The life-long toil of men.
Worn with their market strife to dispossess
The blind,—the fatherless,
They too go forth, to breathe of budding trees,
And woods with beckoning wonders new unfurled.
Yes, even these:
The money-changers and the Pharisees;
The rulers of the darkness of this world.

(O choiring Summer tree,
Bear yet awhile with me.)

III.

For now, behold their heart's desire is thrall
To simpleness.—O new delight, unguessed,
In very rest!
And precious beyond all,
A garden-place; a garden with a wall!
To the green earth! All bountiful to bless
Hearts sickening with excess.
To the green earth, whose blithe repl

# TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1909.

**Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.**

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

**Circulation Last Week 240,000**


It must be a lot of consolation to a lazy man to feel that a germ causes it.

Owners of steel stock have found out what returning prosperity looks like.

If there is a germ of laziness doubtless it works on the shady side of the street.

Time may prove that the Taft smile is worth a hundred messages to congress.

Many a man would go crazy with half the hearings Harry Thaw has had in court.

Maybe Morocco wants to lick Spain before King Alfonso's boys get big enough to fight.

King Alfonso might be thanful if nothing more than the babies kept him awake o' nights.

Texas has arranged a jack rabbit hunt for President Taft. That will make Bwana Tumbo smile.

China's baby ruler is now three years old. Just about the right age to be a yellow peril to the nurse.

William Jennings Bryan isn't saying half as much on the subject of tariff as might have been expected.

When a Democratic senator feels like hitting a negro why doesn't he tackle Champion Jack Johnson?

Ambassador Reid and King Edward went to church together. Both managed to stay awake through the service.

Philadelphia scientists are searching for the cause of hydrophobia. The chances are they will blame it on the dog.

A Philadelphia man, about to hang himself, died of heart failure. Men with weak hearts should be more careful.

England has decided to strengthen her navy. When a nation gets scared it makes business for the builders of warships.

The man who flies across the English channel is a hero. The fellow who drops in simply gets wet, and the world smiles.

Mr. Rockefeller says the best investment is to do something to cheer someone else. How about raising the price of coal oil?

Inasmuch as he has asked for a new religion it is evident that Dr. Eliot puts no faith in the latest end of the world prediction.

Senator Platt says young men should go into politics to help themselves and the people. But should they help themselves first?

The emperor of Germany has ordered women to quit wearing long hatpins. From what state legislature did he get that idea?

Uncle Joe Cannon has rejected a Chautauqua lecture offer. Probably because he wouldn't be permitted to smoke while on the platform.

Mr. Roosevelt is not giving dinners for the entertainment of the jungle animals. He knows another way of pacifying or subjugating them.

Eddie Cudahy is going to be married soon. It won't be long till we hear of something of that kind happening to Willie Whitla. How time flies!

A woman's club in England has undertaken to take the German war scare out of Britain. Is this a game to give the suffragette scare the entire stage?

Europe wants to know what Uncle Sam would do in case of a war between Great Britain and Germany. Among other things he would furnish the canned beef.

The wife of a Pennsylvania professor wants a divorce because her husband is too poor to support her. He is probably one of those long-haired professors.

The czar of Russia is said to look much older than he is. Well, King Alfonso, of Spain, may also begin to look much older than he is. There is a lot of wear and tear on a monarch.

Members of the lower house of congress are much nearer the people than the senators. This may be explained in the fact that the election of representatives comes often and by direct vote.

A Maryland woman has developed a strain of chickens with only one leg. Can't understand the advantage of raising that sort of chickens. Certainly they would never be popular with the children.

A member of the Georgia legislature has introduced a bill making it a felony for a woman to ride astride in that state. One paper breaks in with the suggestion that "he should go further and make bow legs a misdemeanor."

Up to date the most original excuse for asking for a divorce comes from a woman. She wants to get rid of her husband because he failed to match a sample of silk pongee for her. It is presumed, however, that he was a lobster in many other ways.

## TRADES AND SUBSIDIES.

"It is clear that we are rapidly moving beyond the initial stage of development and that we are forced to compete for supremacy in foreign markets."—Secretary Nagel, of the department of Commerce and Labor.

When that period comes when internal consumption can no longer absorb production, how shall the country go about it seriously to enter the world's markets in competition with countries now in control?

England had a long start in the expansion of trade. The destruction of the American merchant marine, in which English fitted and English manned privateers aided, gave her virtual ownership of the seas and with it the great markets for British merchandise and manufactures. Except mail subsidies voted to speed the construction of the Cunard turbine steamers, England has not had to give governmental aid to shipping. The situation was different with Germany. To compete with England subsidies were given. The kaiser, himself, stimulated interest in foreign trade by speech, letter and personal presence at launchings. Members of the government and of the navy are upon boards of steamship companies. The Japanese, who are now carrying more freight than any American line, have appropriated large sums to help shipping. While the Japanese influence in the Pacific grew the Spreckles line from San Francisco to New Zealand and Australian ports was abandoned, the Great Northern fleet reduced to one big steamer, and the declaration by E. H. Harriman that the maintenance of an American steamship line was mere "patriotic sentiment."

No competition for the supremacy of trade can be undertaken by this country until congress chooses to help the shipping industry as it helps every other industry to grow, every mercantile line to exist, every workman—except seamen and shipbuilders—to earn a high rate of wages.

## PAYING FOR NEW TASTES.

Many Americans, of what some are pleased to call the successful class, have turned from money-making to money-spending in the last few years. As they plunged into business so have they wallowed among the luxuries of life. Men whose natural tastes fitted the simple furniture of a six-room cottage have gone in for country homes which more nearly resemble court houses than dwellings. They have bought landscapes by the hundreds of acres. Italian gardens were constructed by workers spurred with double wages. Hedges of age and fine growth have been transplanted by the mile. It is but natural that under the circumstances the shark has been active and swindling has prospered.

The "edition de luxe" has proved one of the most profitable revenues to those who have helped the rich American cultivate a new taste. A case recently tried disclosed that a rich widow in Chicago contracted to pay $97,500—cut down from $100,000—for thirteen volumes of the works of Charles Dickens. An expert testified that each book could be duplicated for about $50. This is one of only a few cases which have come into the courts. It is a matter of rumor that the bookshelves of scores of wealthy millionaires throughout the country bear prized volumes of the same presswork and the same high cost.

Correspondence schools of luxury ought to do very well among our get-rich-in-a-hurry people.

## DESIRABLES AND UNDESIRABLES

Immigration will continue to be a vexed question while immigration continues. No law could be framed which might meet with general approval, no regulation enforced which might not work injustice and hardship to some intending citizen. The distinction between the desirable and undesirable immigrant is plain enough in theory; in practice, federal officials meet with a thousand difficulties.

The history of immigrating races should have an influence with the authorities in charge of the entry stations. Those nationalities who are known to adapt themselves to conditions here, to accept the laws and to assume the customs easily ought to pass in readily. Who can distinguish the children of Irish and German parents from the offspring of old American families? Not only do they think alike, work in common for common ends, but they look alike. The second generation of north of Europe races are as American as the descendants of revolutionary soldiers. Even the third generation of the Russian Jews show losses of typical physical features as well as of mental characteristics. Of immigrants from the Mediterranean countries not so much may be said. There is a tendency among Italians to labor here and to save, that they may return to end their days in their native land. Sicilians have introduced the Black Hand criminal practices. Greeks and Syrians have been law-abiding, but slow to assume the responsibilities of citizenship.

The immigration question will develop more heat next year than this. More barriers will probably be raised by congress within a few months. Whatever the newer regulations are to be, some leeway should be left to immigration officials. The life-history of those who have come before ought to play a part in the acceptance or rejection of their racial relations.

## PRESIDENT AND THE TARIFF.

To Mr. Taft belongs the credit for the revision of the tariff. Because of his insistence upon actual revision the pledges of the Republican party platform are to be carried out, industries that have passed beyond their infancy are made to assume their proper garments of manhood and the rising tide in the costs of living is stayed.

On December 16 last Mr. Taft made this statement:

> Unless we act in accordance with our promises, or if we only keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope, we shall be made accountable to the American people and suffer such consequences as failure to keep faith has always been visited with. It would be better to have no revision at all unless we are going honestly and fairly to revise the tariff on the basis promised by our party.

The President's position was plain. Yet in spite of the platform, in spite of speeches before and after election, in spite of a hundred signs that the President's mind was unaltered, the press which has enthroned the sneer and the capitalized falsehood has declared the Aldrich iniquity would go through as if greased. The conference committees were packed. The house and the senate were prepared to support the mock measure of revision with their final votes. The President halted that business. Concession after concession was wrung from the conferees. Customs wall after wall was pulled down.

The tariff is to be a revised tariff. The work is that of William Howard Taft. He has, so far as his powers, used to their utmost could go, made good his promises.

## ONCE A SUBSCRIBER ALWAYS A SUBSCRIBER.

It was a little over forty years ago that the Weekly Blade became prominent as a national newspaper. Before that time it was for many years a struggling local or county paper, and but little known outside of the office in which it was printed. In the latter 60's the late D. R. Locke acquired an ownership, and with his world-renowned "Nasby Letters" the paper obtained a foothold in every state and territory, and almost every county of the United States. And ever since, The Blade has maintained this prominence, increasing in circulation almost in ratio of increasing population, until now The Blade is without doubt the best known newspaper published in this country.

It is a matter of great satisfaction to us to know as we do, that so many of our subscribers of today have taken The Blade for many years. Hundreds of them have had The Blade twenty, twenty-five and even thirty years. And thousands that we know of have been on our books for ten or fifteen years. It is true that The Blade readers of forty years ago have nearly all passed away, but their sons and daughters who now have families of their own, in their turn are regular readers of The Blade. And more than that, we are now sending The Blade to the third generation, whose grandfathers and fathers were subscribers before them.

Our new readers of the last few years are just as loyal, renewing from year to year with hearty appreciation. Even those who have become subscribers during the last year, we are sure will renew promptly, as The Blade is by this time endeared to all members of the family.

Of our near quarter of a million subscriptions, comparatively few of them expire next month, but we want a renewal of all of them, and just a few new ones besides. While we can take care of more, we would prefer to serve well 250,000 good, appreciative subscribers than to increase the number to a point where there might be delays of mailing and other disadvantages of large numbers. In the meantime, however, until we cry enough, do not let your friends be without The Blade, if you can induce them to come in when you renew.

About September 1st we shall send notice to those whose time expires next month. It must have attention during that month, otherwise the paper will stop, and then your address will be lost to us, and we can never again send you a special proposition.

## BARCELONA THE BARBAROUS.

The city of Barcelona saw its opportunity and seized it. It is long since so good an excuse to riot has come to the Catalonians. Crowds had gathered to cheer departing troops. Families of reservists had massed to protest against the threatened destitution. The gatherings were utilized as cloaks by the anarchist societies. For hours the tumult gave all the appearance of civil war.

Barcelona has been the hotbed of anarchy for nearly twenty years. In 1893, when an international congress of anarchists was held in Chicago in connection with the world's fair, a tribute of sympathy to the anarchists of Spain was voted because of repressive action taken in Barcelona following an attempt to assassinate the governor of Catalonia. Less than a month thereafter a bomb was thrown in the Liceo theatre in Barcelona and thirty persons were killed. In the trial of the promoter of this outrage it was brought out that the police held 1,200 anarchists under surveillance. Many plots to murder King Alfonso have been hatched in the city and discovered. The king, however, has shown his contempt of the plotters by making two visits to Barcelona once in April, 1904, and again in March, 1908. As recently as last June two bombs were exploded, resulting in the death of a policeman and the injury of several other persons.

A cry has been raised against the government cutting off the bread of the families of reservists called to the colors. The cabinet explained that these families would be cared for. Still, it is doubtful if the anarchists of Barcelona had any feeling in the matter at all. They merely beheld a chance to indulge in their favorite sport of rioting.

## THE PRESIDENT AND WASHINGTON

There are stormy brows in Washington, frazzled tempers and edged words because at a late hour the President delivered the word that he would stand by his campaign speeches and the platform of his party. It is declared by several members of congress, so the dispatches report, that Mr. Taft has injured himself with the country. He might have spoken earlier, they say, and saved a fearful waste of time and voice. Moreover, many representatives and senators would not have committed themselves so far to a "joker" tariff bill. They will not forgive the President for this.

There's more to the same effect—plainly temper and disappointment. It is our opinion that the country suffers not the smallest wound to its feelings. Rather the contrary. Mr. Taft has swung a master stroke. He kept quiet and let congress play the politician to its completest delight. The machinations, engineerings and deals, while satisfying those members who like the game and have business to serve, developed national interest in the tariff measure. The people were educated into attention. Few jokers have passed the house and senate of which they are now entirely unacquainted. The situation was one of watchfulness when Mr. Taft spoke—at the eleventh hour, say those whose toes were trod. It was good strategy.

A conference bill bearing the essential characteristics of the senate measure, if possible, will be vetoed, that is clear. The President will stand by Republican pledges, despite the sophistry of eastern Republican leaders, concerning the meaning of the word revision. He will be democratic where Democrats failed to be. True, time has been wasted. But, in the long run, time will be saved. Discipline has been administered and there will be little jockeying with the White House good-nature throughout the remainder of the administration. William Howard Taft is a leader, not one of the led.

## THE STEEL REPORT.

The quarterly report of the United States Steel corporation is to be accepted as a prosperity note second to few others of the sort except the state of the crops. Net earnings were increased in May about a million and a half dollars over April and as much more was gained in the month of June. The business of the summer season should show at the present rate of increase earnings to the amount of $40,000,000. The increase in unfilled orders was much more than the optimists of the trust had reckoned upon last spring. With the work of the mills near capacity and with navigation on the lakes moving briskly the steel situation by October should be normal.

An interesting sidelight is cast on the earnings of the corporation. Under its charter it is permitted to buy and sell its own shares in the market. The recent boom in Steel common has been explained by many to the dealings of the corporation. If this is true a large part of the profits have been drawn from the stock market and not from manufacturing. There is nothing in the report to prove this surmise correct. The tonnage booked for delivery would rather indicate that earnings were made in the mills and in shipping.

The coroporation brought down 22,400,000 tons of ore in 1907. As the pig iron capacity has been considerably enlarged these shipments should be exceded this year by one or two million tons. Officers of the trust have been quoted as predicting the handling of 50,000,000 in 1910.

## THE CAREER OF THE CARP.

That fad of the seventies, the culture of German carp, will need another generation in human life before its authors shall cease to be despised and execrated. Yet the time is assured. It may be that monuments will be raised to the importers of this fish, speeches in praise be delivered and pensions be voted to descendants.

For the German carp is on the highway to popularity. No longer is it condemned without defense for all the crimes of the waters, the destruction of the spawn of game fish, the muddying of streams, the ruin of ponds and pools, the eating of vegetable life upon which its betters were accustomed to subsist. It is only a short time since it was that only the persons upon whom a community looked down ate the German carp. Now nearly everyone eats it and enjoys it though often under the name of whitefish, salmon or fresh cod. New methods of treating the flesh have placed an article upon the tables which the most dainty of eaters find attractive. The creature which you couldn't have given away ten years ago commands a price in the market and the price is increasing. Moreover, fishermen may be expected to angle for the carp by way of sport as they now seek the bass and the pickerel. For if it continues to gain in value as a food fish the time is near when it will be impossible to gather it by the hundred pounds by merely slopping around in swampy places with a spear.

Cursed and pronounced vile, thrown upon the fields as a thing useful only as a fertilizer, held in universal disgust, the German carp is rising from a plane of dishonor to one of dinner table glory and watering palate. It is just as well. The carp was thriving in spite of its myriad enemies.

## OPPORTUNITY.

Twenty years ago an immigrant settled in Nebraska. He came without money, without knowledge of the country of his adoption, with, it might be said, everything against him except his manhood. This man visited the board of trade in Omaha the other day. He now owns a half section of land, barns and farm equipment, free of incumbrance. He is quoted in an Omaha paper:

> It has been the best season I have ever had. While I made money from year to year, this season has been almost phenomenal. Crops were good; there was no delay in any farm work, and prices were satisfactory for all grain. They averaged perhaps the best on record for me. I have sold practically every bushel of my wheat, which my sons will thresh and deliver, and now I am taking a little rest. I intend to go to California in a few days.

Twenty years of work, his prosperity assured, a noble livelihood for his sons and the right to rest and the means to take trips to California! All from penury and ignorance of a country's ways. What other nation in the world has ever offered such opportunity to one who will make use of opportunity? At what other period could a man do so much with such a start, with such odds against him? And yet the street orators constantly tell us that the chances are all gone!

## DOG DAY WARNINGS.

Every dog day has its abundance of advice. Doctors, weather sharps, newspapers and health societies have been telling the people just what to do while the heated term is with us. Avoid drinking alcoholics, be wary with ice water and ice tea, don't let your vanity interfere with good sense and comfort in wearing apparel, be moderate with exercise and remember that a stomach over-full sometimes means a coffin just nicely filled. This and more has been given the public free of charge since medicine emerged from the domain of magic.

Human nature has a way, however, of holding itself above advice. The man who would caution his children against eating unripe fruit will still drink glassful after glassful of ice water while steaming from the heat of the street, though his children are better able to withstand cholera morbus than he himself is to combat sudden changes of temperature. The women in the shopping districts are adorned fashionably, but against all dog day hygiene. Men and women with flesh to reduce think a brisk walk on the sunny side of the street the finest sort of training and wonder what makes their brain whirl about as if in a windstorm and their interior mechanism refuse food. Farmer folk will punish the good things of the table and then attack the honeysuckle vines in the corn field to the profit of the medical profession.

There is nothing so plentiful as dog day advice, and there is no advice so universally ignored. And among those ignoring it may be noted every season the names of doctors, weather experts, newspaper people and members of scientific associations.

## THE WORLD'S RAILROADS.

The number of miles of railroad in existence amounts to 594,837, sufficient to gird the earth at the equator nearly twenty-four times. There are 268,058 miles of rails in North America, nearly as many as in the three continents of Europe, Asia and Africa together.

The locomotive shares with the steamship the leadership in the march of progress. How closely the far distances of the globe are brought to the centers of civilization is shown by the latest available reports upon railroad construction. In British India, for example, nearly 1,000 miles of tracks were laid in 1907. China, in the same year, gained 464 miles and within the last twelvemonth the country has seriously given consideration to extending existing lines as far as Llasha, the Forbidden City of Tibet. It is now possible to travel by rail to points in upper Egypt that hardly ten years since were barred to strangers by the forces of the Madhi. In south Africa 352 miles of track were put in commission in 1907. The Cape to Cairo line was brought even nearer to completion last year.

The 594,837 miles of railroad represent an enormous investment, close upon fifty millions of dollars, it is estimated, about $31.50 for each man, woman and child living.

The decade from 1897 to 1907 beheld the greatest activity in railroad building, 140,137 miles being opened as paths to commerce. Should the era of prosperity upon which we are now entering live up to its expectations the number of miles of railroad in 1917 will be close to three-quarters of a million.

## NO OMEN IN MUTINIES.

The anti-militarists have always welcomed army mutinies as hopeful signs of the downfall of the military spirit. No little elation is expressed in these quarters over the disturbances in Spain. Their continuance will be a source of delight a point for argument; their cessation is evidence of the barbarity of governments and the stupidity of mankind.

Several mutinies have occurred among the defensive arms in the last four or five years. In the Russian navy and army open rebellion has broken out against officers or governmental direction. The mutinies at Odessa, Savastopol and Moscow were attended by ferocious fighting and great shedding of blood. An outbreak occurred at a British naval station, enlisted men declaring that an attempt had been made to force them to kneel to officers. In reality the riot was a protest against an unpopular martinet. Disaffection in the French navy is held partly responsible for the alarming condition of equipment and efficiency in the service. More recently has been reported the mutiny in the Turkish army, resulting in its reaction in the enforced abdication of Abdul Hamid.

These outbreaks have aided nothing in the promotion of disarmament. Reform in Russia gained no steps whatever by naval and army mutinies. England talks of military affairs now more than at any other time since the Boer war. France is engaged in reorganizing the navy and disciplining the personnel. Frightful punishment has been visited upon the Turkish mutineers.

There are none who do not hope for the day when "war drums shall throb no longer." It is mere waste of sentiment, though, to read a state so desirable in riots among sailors and soldiers.

## SONS OF THE CAPTAINS.

When Prince Henry of Prussia visited this country in 1902 he was entertained at luncheon by one hundred of the big business men, since more or less distinguished under the title of "captains of industry." These men were then near the height of their success, were at their most active period of life and most influential in commercial affairs.

An eastern newspaper has examined this list of "captains of industry" and pointed out that a great number have died or have retired. The passion for power and the desire for great riches have waned. The joy of the pursuit for money has palled. With few exceptions the strength of these giants of finance has weakened. The great railroads they have helped to organize and to construct, the industries they have promoted and the combinations they have wrought have seemed to mark the climax of endeavor. Others are taking up the labors.

The sons of many of these men, who in 1902 were at school or in course of training, have assumed a large share of the business responsibilities of the captains. As the elders resign from the boards of directors the names of the younger men appear. One may note in the later lists W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., James N. Hill, H. H. Rogers Jr., Mortimer L. Schiff, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Allan A. Ryan, J. P. Morgan, Jr., W. G. Rockefeller, Horace V. Havemeyer, August Belmont, Jr., and Kingdon Gould—all of the younger generation, nearly all untested and untried.

The question naturally arises: What may be expected of the offspring of the captains? Will they prove to have inherited the commercial instinct intensified, as marked characteristics often are found more pronounced in children? Or will the fact of luxurious up-bringing work against their development? It is easier to believe that the younger men will leave the conduct of their properties largely to men who have climbed to high office by reason of merit, to lawyers and to the trustees who assume the worries and the exertions for a price. A few of the youngsters may loom as prominently in the world as their fathers but the most of them, it is reasonable to infer, will fall into the ways of the descendants of Commodore Vanderbilt, of John Jacob Astor, William Collins Whitney and Peter Lorillard.

## THE EDISON HOUSE.

A little criticism appears to work as a stimulant to the talents of Thomas A. Edison. Two years ago he offered the world his plans for a $1,200 concrete house which could be built in two weeks. Architects and builders pronounced the scheme impossible. Mr. Edison went about his idea more seriously.

Plans for a house to be cast from moulds are now available for anyone who chooses to use them. The entire house—walls, roof, floors, stairways, partitions, door frames and window frames—can be cast in one piece together with laundry tubs, bath room fixtures, interior decorations and ornamental panels. Concrete, as liquid as it is possible to make it, is to be poured from the roof into the moulds set up in their entirety. The operation, in Mr. Edison's opinion, can be carried through in fourteen days.

New and more wonderful applications of concrete are coming into use every day. It would be somewhat dangerous to sneer at the suggestion of a city of concrete raised, dried out and inhabited in the course of a month.

## NONE SO BLIND.

"The men who brought disaster upon business by success brought it because they saw only the immediate task under their hands, volunteered no look around, paid no call to thought or wish upon their fellow men, left statesmanship to politicians and public interests to the censors of public morals; attended wholly to their own business. The business of life is a bigger thing than they thought it."—President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton.

Recent events in Washington show that these men still see no more than the "immediate task under their hands," still "volunteer no look around" and leave "statesmanship to the politicians." They continue to condemn the administration lately ended for troubles they brought upon themselves and more fearfully upon others.

The Scriptures mention the blind who grope for the wall. "The men who brought disaster upon business by success" will not grope.

## Ants a Pest in Louisiana.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Warfare of a most strenuous character will have to be undertaken against the ant pest in Louisiana within the next few years if the orange crop is to continue. This is the opinion of Wilmon H. Newell, secretary of the state crop pest commission.

"Strange to say, correspondence which I have had with other sections of the world has established that the same kind of ants which are devastating the vegetation of this state and causing thousands of dollars' worth of damage annually are equally as much a pest in other places," says Mr. Newell. "From Portugal, from the Madeira Islands, from South Africa, from California, and from Brazil, their home, the damage reported is large. The greatest harm in Louisiana seems to have been done in the orange farms of the lower coast sections. By eating the tender buds of the orange trees they make them almost barren, and after the ants come all sorts of parasitic scale animals, which complete the destruction."

## A Coming Cucumber King.

Baltimore American.

"I have a neighbor, a Mr. Walker, who on his irrigated farm near Austin, has already gathered 3,000 bushels of cucumbers this season," said Mr. W. R. Spence, of the Texas capital, at the Belvedere.

"He told me not long since that he would take fully that much more, or a total of 6,000 bushels, the whole being raised on a 75 acre tract. He makes all these cucumbers into pickles in a factory of his own, and ships them to many markets. So profitable has the business been that next year he expects to plant not less than 300 acres in that vegetable, and this will, I guess, make him the biggest individual cucumber farmer in the United States.

"In addition, Mr. Walker has 100 acres in chilli-peppers, a product which he has heretofore imported from Mexico. But, because of a failure in the Mexican crop that raised prices in that country 100 per cent, he concluded to see if the peppers could not be produced on Texas soil. His venture has been a complete success, and he is sure of taking from 150,000 to 200,000 pounds of the hot stuff of his own raising.

## Big Watermelon County.

Market Growers Journal.

Incomplete statistics show that Gibson county, Indiana, stands fifth in the list of melon producing counties of the United States. A local melon enthusiast has been gathering all the available data possible concerning the melon industry in the United States and according to the figures obtained, Gibson county is one of the foremost counties in the country in that respect. Letters were sent to every melon-producing state in the Union asking for information along this line, and the result thus far permanently establishes Gibson's reputation for being one of the leading melon counties.

## Origin of Windfall.

London Chronicle.

What precisely is the origin of the expression "a windfall," which Mr. Asquith, Lord Avebury and others use, each with an application of his own, in speaking of budget matters? An old encyclopedia explains that some families of the English nobility held their land on a tenure which forbade them to cut down trees, these being reserved as the property of the royal navy. But any tree which fell down without human assistance they might keep, so that a hurricane causing a great "windfall" was heartly welcome. It seems probable, however, that the expression was simpler in origin. Even an apple that fell to the ground without the trouble of picking it, and which a passer-by might often annex without feeling that he was a thief, would be a lucky "windfall."

## Serves State for Fifty-Three Years

Columbus, July 31.—Colonel Fred Blenkner, the dean of the corps of state employes here, has completed his 73rd year. He reached that mile stone of life Thursday. The colonel did not say anything about it to his friends. "Don't like to think I am old," said he yesterday in explanation. He spent the morning about the legislative halls, and toward noon was called home by a telephone message to find that his friends had taken possession of his house and a sumptuous dinner was awaiting him and them.

Colonel Blenkner acknowledges to a service of fifty-three years for the state, which is to say that he entered that service at the age of 20 years.

## OUR TIMBER SUPPLY

The original forests of the United States, which in the quantity and variety of their timber exceeded the forests of any other region of similar size on the globe, have been reduced by cutting, clearing and fire from an acreage of 850 million to one of not more than 550 million, with a total stand of some 2,500 billion board feet.

Most of our forests are private property. About one-fifth of the standing timber in the country is held by the federal government in national forests, Indian reservations, national parks, and on the unreserved public domain, and by the states in state reserves or other state lands. These public forests contain more than 100 million acres of saw timber.

The private forests are of two distinct classes, (1) farmers' woodlots and (2) large holdings, either individual or corporate. The woodlots are chiefly scattered and detached remnants of the original forests. They are mainly in the eastern half of the United States and cover some 200 million acres, with a stand of perhaps 300 billion board feet of saw timber and 1½ billion cords of wood. Aside from their protective and ornamental value, they furnish much firewood, many posts, poles and cross-ties, and some lumber and cooperage stock.

The large private holdings contain about 1,700 billion feet. These holdings generally include the best timber in the regions in which they occur. They are the principal sources of the lumber which is used today, and upon the manner in which they are managed depends in a large degree the timber supply of the future.

The value of the forest products of the United States in 1907, the last year for which detailed data are available, was approximately $1,280,000,000.

The fact that timber has been cheap and abundant has made us careless of its production and reckless in its use. We are cutting our forests three times as fast as they are growing. We take 250 cubic feet of wood per capita annually from our forests, while Germany uses only 37 cubic feet and France but 25. On the other hand, Germany makes her state forests produce an average of 48 cubic feet of wood per acre.

The necessity for more farm land may eventually reduce our total forest area to 100 million acres less than it is at present. It is entirely possible, however, to produce on 450 million acres as much wood as a population much greater than we have now will really need if all the forest land is brought to its highest producing capacity and if the product is economically and completely utilized.

In Forest Service Circular 166, entitled "The Timber Supply of the United States," just issued by the department of agriculture, the attempt is made to answer many questions which are constantly arising concerning the extent of our forest resources, their ownership, the rate at which they are being cut, and the outlook for a future timber supply.

## Burbank's Wonderberry.

Market Growers' Journal.

Mr. Luther Burbank and the Rural New Yorker are engaged in a sharp controversy over the identity of the wonderberry or sunberry, introduced as a novelty in 1909 by John Lewis Childs, and claimed to be one of Mr. Burbank's greatest productions, and an absolutely new plant of unique character. The wonderberry was introduced with a great flourish of trumpets and widely advertised as a valuable article of food, which any one might grow in abundance anywhere at practically no cost.

The controversy between Mr. Burbank and the Rural New Yorker at present is over an offer of $10,000 made by Mr. Burbank for proof that the wonderberry is the black nightshade, as has been claimed by some, or any other berry ever before known on this planet until he introduced it. In its issue of July 10 the Rural New Yorker publishes a letter from Mr. Burbank, in which he reiterates that the wonderberry is an absolutely new plant, and expresses the opinion that the verdict of the people in regard to it is the one that will be final. Letters from prominent authorities, among them Mr. L. C. Corbett, of the United States department of agriculture, are published, in which statements are made that the wonderberry is nothing more than Solanum Nigrum. Mr. Corbett says that he believes the wonderberry is simply a plant that has been on the market for a number of years under the name of "garden huckleberry."

It does not seem to us to matter materially whether the Rural New Yorker gets Mr. Burbank's money or not. The questions of importance are these:

1. Is the wonderberry a new and distinct plant?
2. If it is a new and distinct plant, has it any real value?

In this issue we are publishing a letter from one of our Oklahoma readers who has fifty plants of wonderberry growing in his garden, and answers both these questions in the affirmative. He says the wonderberry is distinct from Solanum Nigrum, and that he considers it a valuable acquisition. On the other hand the Rural New Yorker publishes a letter from a reader in Mexico, who says he believes the wonderberry is identical with Solanum Nigrum, and that it is identical with a wild plant that grows in his country. So it seems that if we are to depend upon the verdict of the people as to the wonderberry, there is quite a division of opinion among the members of the jury.

## 1,000 Horsepower Gas Engines.

Cassier's Magazine.

It is difficult to say when a gas engine becomes a large gas engine. A few years ago 300 horsepower was considered the starting point, then 500 horsepower, and now in a recent article published in a German paper 1,000 horsepower seems to be taken as the minimum. The list gives the name of 28 makers, 19 on the continent, four in England, and 5 in the United States. Altogether it adds up a total of 628 engines, giving a combined output of 1,035,709, or more than 1,000,000 horsepower in large units.

## Defined.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

Tommy—"Pop, what is retribution?"

Popley—"Retribution, my son, is something we are sure will eventually overtake other people."

## Varieties

The king of Italy is the only m... tarian monarch.

The first bicycle with pedals ... made about 1840.

Reading aloud is one of the ... wholesome exercises.

The railroads of the world are ... ued at $27,775,000,000.

The house fly becomes full grown ... about four weeks.

The English workman spends ... fifths of his wages for food.

South American ants have ... known to construct a tunnel ... miles long.

Whooping cough kills more ... under five years of age than ... fever.

In France and Austria provision ... rescue work in mines is made com... sory.

A shoal of herrings is sometimes ... five or six miles long and tow or ... miles broad.

Japan has the largest volcano ... in the world. It measures fourteen ... ten miles.

Bodies buried for 150 years have ... found in Siberia in a perfect state ... preservation.

The estimated population of Eng... and Wales is 35,350,000, as against ... 517,000 ten years ago.

Nearly two million dollars' worth ... tea was exported from Shanghai to ... United States in 1908.

In this country about 16 per cent ... the divorces are granted after three ... four years of married life.

The record of bone yield from a ... gle whale was 3,100 pounds, which ... the time was worth nearly $20,000.

Algiers also seems to have a ... bank. A plant expert in Orleans ... has succeedd in raising a date with ... a stone.

Of the 4,000,000,000 gallons of ... manufactured in the civilized ... every year, about 40,000,000 ... made in the United States.

The University of Bonn, Germany, ... for the first time, this summer ... and passed the 4,000 mark in the ... ber of students.

According to a statement by the ... man colonial secretary, the value of ... diamondiferous deposits in German ... Southwest Africa amounts to ... 000,000.

By the will of Mrs. Mary E. Jones, ... Knoxville, Ill., $250,000 has been left ... that city for the erection and ... tenance of a home for aged women.

According to the latest figures, ... water power development of this country is reported at 5,357,000 horsepower ... and the number of wheels which ... turns at 52,827.

Full of zeal, the country convert... his first prayer meeting remarked ... fered himself for service. "I am ... to do anything the Lord asks of ... said he, "so long as it's honorable."

The seaweed known as Irish moss ... used to some extent as a food by ... peasantry along the coasts, also ... jelly for invalids, and as a stiffener ... for calico in the printing process.

In the United States of Colombia ... $1 in gold is worth $102 of the native ... paper currency. The Colombian export ... duty on cows has been reduced from ... $612 currency ($6 gold) to $102 ... gold).

Chimneys were first used in Europe ... in the fourteenth century. None of ... Roman writers shows chimneys like ... The wealthy Romans used ... dried wood, which would burn in a ... room without soot.

The wealth of the United States in ... 1850 was $7,000,000,000, speaking ... round terms; in 1860, $16,000,000,000; ... in 1870, $30,000,000,000; in 1880, $43,000,000,000; in 1890, $65,000,000,000; in 1900, ... $88,000,000,000, and in 1904, $107,000,000,000.

Dr. Roberts' suggestion in 1891 ... sewing wounds of the heart was ... ceived as a joke. Dr. Rehn, of Ger... many, in 1897, got the first recovery ... from heart wound. Altogether there ... have been sixteen such operations ... with seven amazing recoveries.

There are in Germany about 1,... hospitals in which 1,200,000 patients ... are annually treated. Adding to this ... the inmates of private sanatoria and ... patients treated at home, it is estimated ... that at all times one person in ... of the population is seriously ill.

Louisiana and Kansas are planning ... broad education in matters of public ... health and hygiene. The president of ... the Louisiana state board of health ... will visit every parish and lecture on ... health and the product is economically ... and completely utilized.

In Forest Service Circular 166, entitled "The Timber Supply of the United States," just issued by the department of agriculture, the attempt is made to answer many questions which are constantly arising concerning the extent of our forest resources, their ownership, the rate at which they are being cut, and the outlook for a future timber supply.

The men of forty-nine, the California pioneers, are rapidly dwindling. There are now only seven members of the Sacramento Society of California Pioneers. The eighth member recently died, and the survivors acted as pall bearers and mourners.

By way of expediting the transmission of letters, the Belgium postal authorities have recommended that letters intended for Brussels should be inclosed in red envelopes, those for other Belgian points in yellow, and foreign letters in green envelopes.

Dr. Wurtsen has had great success in many cases of smallpox, effecting cures and no pitting. He keeps the patient in total darkness, and uses the Finsen's red light treatment only to obtain. No white light is allowed in the room for a second, but red light is sometimes momentarily used to examine patient.

There are 1,990 Young Men's Christian Associations in Germany—in 1909. In America; yet, where the young man associations have but 178,000 members, the American have 600,000. And German association property holdings have a value of $2,000,000, contrasted with a value of $40,000,000 in America.

It has been reported that the disease known as trachoma, or granular lids, has been spreading rapidly among the Indians. To check this trouble congress appropriated $12,000, placing it in the hands of the commissioner of Indian affairs, for the immediate investigation and treatment of the disease and to check its spread.

A new use for convicts has been found in Missouri, where a number were taken out of the penitentiary at Jefferson City and put to work on the Calloway bottoms helping the farmers save their wheat from the advancing waters of the Missouri river. The prisoners worked well, enjoyed the outing and would welcome the same chance to get outside the walls.

While on active service a French soldier was informed by the mayor of his village that his father had recently died. In acknowledgement he wrote as follows: "Monsieur le maire, I heartily thank you for my father's death. It is a little accident that often happens in families. As for myself, I am in the hospital minus one leg, which I have the honor to salute you."

Discoveries of copper, gold and silver are reported to have been made in the Fiji islands and western Australia, mining men are at Suva, the capital, awaiting the publication by the British government of regulations under which mining may be carried on, after which the new discoveries will be thoroughly exploited. No mining on a commercial scale has ever been done on the islands.

No fewer than 1,500 towns and villages in Germany still own land, a much common land that their inhabitants pay neither rates nor taxes. In hundred of these townships and villages derive so great a rental from their lands that they are able, in addition, to pay every citizen, on New Year's day, a bonus of from $25 to $50, as his share of the surplus revenue.

Devil fish weighing up to 200 pounds are sometimes caught in Japan. These fish are amphibious; they are often seen wobbling on their tentacles like giant spiders in search of patches of sweet potatoes. The natives kill them with clubs. In the water, they are caught in jars lowered to the bottom, which the octopus enters thinking it has a good retreat from which to catch food.

"Biscuit" was until the eighteenth century spelled "bisket," as still pronounced, the current spelling being merely a senseless adoption of modern French spelling without change of pronunciation. "Bisket" originally meant a twice-baked bread of the kind alluded to by Shakespeare in As You Like It, where the melancholy Jaques informs the duke that his "brain is dried as the remainder bisket after a voyage."

# TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

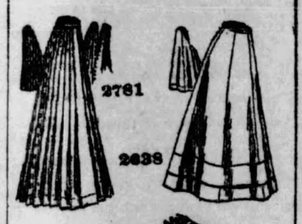
*From the latest Paris and New York Styles.*

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio



2487—Ladies' Shirt Waist, in Gibson style and with long or three-quarter sleeves. This is a very pretty model for linen, lawn, dimity, China or surah silk. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2849—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, with Dutch and standing collars. Dotted Swiss, lawn, batiste or in fact any of the season's shirtings develop well in this style. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2100—Child's Low Necked Dress, with short sleeves. A pretty little model for any of the sheer white or light colored materials. 4 sizes—½ to 5 years.

2626—Child's Two-Piece Dress, closing on shoulders. Gingham, chambray, Indianhead cotton, linen or serge may all be used for this model. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

2781—Ladies' Seven-Gored Plaited Skirt, closing with buttons at each side. Specially designed for laundering. ½ sizes—22 to 32.

2638—Misses' Seven-Gored Skirt with habit back. An excellent model for any of the season's suitings. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2137—Girls' Dress. A neat little model for everyday wear developed in natural colored linen or Indianhead cotton. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2374—Ladies' Eton Jacket, with or without the collar. An excellent model for serge, flannel, mohair or linen. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2350—Ladies' Jumper Dress, with Princess panel. Alice blue colienne was used for this charming model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2694—Misses' Two-Piece Corset Cover, slipped over the head, adaptable to nainsook, jaconet, Persian or Victoria lawn or batiste. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

1504—Misses' Shirt Blouse, with or without back yoke-facing. Dimity developed in any of the season's shirtings this is an excellent model for everyday wear. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2618—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist. Tucked net, taffeta or china silk lawn or batiste all develop well in this style. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2961—Childs' Envelop Apron, slipped over the head and closing with buttons at each side. Persian or Victoria lawn, cambric or jaconet may all be used for this little garment. 5 sizes—3 to 11 years.

2969—Boys' Suit, consisting of a jacket with detached eton collar and knickerbockers. Heavy linen, duck, serge, or flannel develop well in this suit. 6 sizes—5 to 10 years.

2872—Misses' Nine-Gored Skirt. Adaptable to serge, mohair, flannel Panama cloth or linen. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

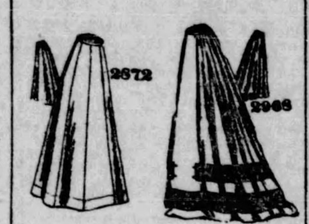
2968—Ladies One-Piece Gathered Skirt, in sweep length. A simple though stylish model which is adaptable to almost any of the season's materials. 5 sizes—22 to 30.

2581—Girls' and Childs' Dress. A neat little model for gingham, chambray, Indian-head cotton or linen. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

2570—Boys' Blouse or Shirt Blouse with back yoke and with or without permanent turn-down collar. Figured percale was used for the development of this blouse. 5 sizes—6 to 13 years.

2683—Ladies' Work Apron. Gingham either plain, striped or checked percale, linen or cambric are all adaptable to this model. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2955—Misses' and Girls' Semi-Princess Dress, with gulmpe, having high or Dutch neck. White or any of the pretty light colored sheer materials may be developed in this style. 5 sizes—9 to 17 years.



# ARMY TO HAVE AIRSHIP

## Last Night's Test Assures Purchase of One Aeroplane.

Washington, July 31. — The United States army will own a Wright aeroplane and the brothers will receive $30,000 for the machine.

That is the result of the final test of the Wright's machine made last evening at Fort Myer, when Orville Wright, with Lieut. Foulois as a passenger, made a cross-country flight of ten miles at an average speed of more than 42 miles an hour.

M. Berliot, in his recent passage over the English channel, went 21 miles straight away, and Hubert Latham had gone 19 miles before his machine collapsed. It is in the combination of distance covered, average speed and the presence of a passenger with the aeronaut that makes Wright's feat last evening a record breaker.

**Take Only 14 Minutes.**

Wright made the ten-mile flight in 14 minutes and 42 seconds, including the more than twenty seconds required for the turn beyond the line at Shuter hill, the southern end of the course. He attained a height in crossing the valley of Four Mile run of nearly 500 feet, and the average altitude of his practically level course was about 200 feet.

Gen. James Allen, chief signal officer of the army, announced after the flight that the training of Lieuts. Lahm and Foulois in the operation of the aeroplane will take place at some point on the Potomac near Washington where the ground is more level and freer from obstructions. There will be no more flights at Fort Meyer.

Lieut. Benjamin Foulois, the passenger with Wright, declares they were making 80 miles an hour coming back from theAlexandria side of the Potomac.

**Army Officers Impressed.**

A deep impression has been made on army officers by the flight. They contend that the accomplishment of the cross-country flight demonstrated the availability of the aeroplane for use in warfare.

Although they were there for the purpose of timing the aeroplane as it crossed and recrossed the mark, the officers stationed at Shuter's Hill, the southern end of the course, were taken by surprise when the aeroplane was discovered flying in their direction. The manner in which the flying machine was lost to view from Fort Myer and then the rapidity with sighted above the crest of a hill, was merely another hint of the possibilities of the practical use of the aeroplane by the army or navy.

"The great advantage of an aeroplane over a balloon for use in warfare is that it can fly low over a rough country," said Wilbur Wright today "thus having objects on the ground in plain view. "Orville demonstrated that yesterday. The speed at which he was traveling, with the small exposed surface of the aeroplane would have made him practically safe from the fire of the enemy."

**Orville Laments Blunder.**

Orville Wright was chiefly concerned with what he might have done had he not miscalculated the elevation at which he had to round the stake balloon at the Alexandria end of the course.

"I feel sure," said he today, in discussing the flight, "that had I continued at the same height at which I crossed the halfway hill, or continued climbing instead of gradually descending, I would have gained at least two miles per hour in my speed average. I turned Shuter hill too close to the ground and this compelled me to climb up again in order to clear the higher ridge between Alexandria and Ft. Myer. This used up power which might better have been employed for propulsion."

Mr. Wright was asked to estimate what had been the greatest altitude attained during the flight, and replied that over the hill at Four Mile Run he had sailed at a height of 450 or 500 feet.

Both brothers will go to Dayton for a short stay, after which Orville will journey to Europe to take up the work begun there by his brother. Wilbur Wright will change places with him and remain in this country to teach the army officers who are to be detailed as members of the aeroplane corps, the handling of the Wright machine.

# JERSEY OFFICIAL SAYS LOST WOMAN IS SAFE AND WELL

Burlington, N. J., July 31.—Ellis Parker, the Burlington county detective who had laughed at the efforts of volunteer searching parties of farmers to discover the fate of the young New York woman who is now known to be Miss Adelaide Wilson, living in East one Hundred and First street, received a telegram from Camden at 8 o'clock tonight at his home in Mount Holly and caught the 9:05 train to Camden.

A reporter who followed the detective discovered the goal of his investigating tour was the West End hotel, in Camden, where on the register was found an entry under date of last Thursday, "Frank A. Wilkins and wife, New York." This handwriting is the same as that on the register of the Metropolitan Inn, in Burlington, under date of the evening previous, when the mysterious "broker" from New York and his fair companion registered as "Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Wilkinson, New York."

To questions as to the possibility of "Wilkins," or "Wilkinson," who is supposed to be Theodore J. Symes, a traveling salesman living on Tenth street, Brooklyn, having made arrangements with his companion to meet him in Camden after throwing possible pursuers off the track, Parker only smiled mysteriously and continued to keep the same sphinxlike silence that has characterized his behavior ever since the news of the girl's disappearance became known.

**Detective Mysterious Still.**

"Guess this proves the woman ain't lying at the bottom of the pond, anyway, doesnt it?" was the detective's only response.

This latest development in the case, which has aroused Burlington county, followed a day filled with rumors that kept volunteer investigators scurrying from one township to another. At Rancocas park, an amusement resort five miles out of Mount Holly, Parker, who is manager, declared tonight that he not only knew the identity of the young woman in the case, but that he knew where she was. On his assertion that the missing woman was a resident of Mt. Holly who makes frequent trips to neighboring towns, an investigation was made that resulted in the discovery that the young woman, toward whom he directed suspicion of having been the mysterious broker's guest, had actually been in Burlington the night the couple arrived at the Metropolitan Inn.

She quickly furnished an alibi for her whereabouts all day Thursday, while the missing woman is known to have been driving about the country in the rain, and denied indignantly having been in the Metropolitan Inn.

When Benjamin Measey, the young driver for the livery stable connected with the Metropolitan Inn, started with a crowd of amateur divers for Rue's pond this morning, Robert Peacock, who is representing County Prosecutor Samuel A. Atkinson during the latter's absence at Niagara Falls, called them off with the announcement that the clothing found on the shore of the pond had been claimed by a woman living in Timbuctoo. The result of this announcement was that no one went near Rue's pond.

**Peacock, too, a Puzzle.**

Questioned late this afternoon as to the name of the woman in Tim' too, a little hamlet consisting of seven houses, about nine miles south of Burlington, who had come forward to claim the torn cape, side combs, barrette and whisky flask, Peacock admitted smilingly he had made the statement to save the searchers "a lot of unnecessary trouble."

"Parker knows all about this case," he continued, "and there isn't any use of anybody around here trying to get busy about it. The woman isn't any more dead than I am."

Before Parker started for his amusement park he told the newspaper men they might as well go home, because the missing woman had left Mount Holly last Thursday night on the 10:25 train bound for Philadelphia. The station agent promptly denied this statement.

In barber shops, drug stores, taverns, on trolley cars and farmhouse verandas the one topic of discussion in all Burlington county is the fate of the missing girl and the incomprehensible apathy of the authorities.

In one interview Parker declared Inspector McCafferty in New York was in possession of all the facts and had advised him that the man was a notorious crook who had been working upstate resorts. Parker said the alleged "broker" indulged altogether in the pastime of stealing livery stable rigs and selling them in neighboring villages.

The detective declared his investigations as to the identity of the strange couple had been independent of the metropolitan police and repudiated statements appearing in afternoon newspapers quoting his earlier remarks.

**Says Letters Were Fakes.**

"You can say positively," Parker declared on his return from Rancocas park tonight, "that nobody can quote those letters of the man to the girl and get it straight. The only person that saw them besides me was Mrs. Irons, wife of the proprietor of the Metropolitan Inn, and all she can tell anybody is from memory. All those letters in the newspapers were fakes, pure and simple."

Meantime Burlington and Mount Holly and the stretch of country intervening are wondering whether they have been made the victims of the weirdest kind of a practical joke, or whether a crime has been committed or a young girl taken her life in the lonely recesses of Pine Swamp.

Whatever the facts, discussion of the strange case inevitably circles back to the indisputable fact that the young woman, sobbing and evidently in a highly nervous condition, left the hotel early Thursday morning and drove for twelve hours and more, alone and aimlessly in a blinding rain storm.

Except for desultory efforts on the part of scattered bands of individuals no attempt has been made to discover any trace of the missing girl, although six days have elapsed since she was last seen.

# SEEK TO ALLAY ALARM

## Taft and Tariff Conferees Declare Rumors About Leather "Joker" Are False.

Washington, August 2.—With the tariff conference report facing threatened defeat in the senate on account of an alleged "joker" in the hide and leather compromise, it was decided today to reassemble the conference committee for the purpose of preparing an official explanation. The conferees will meet at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

This alleged joker, which is creating quite a sensation, brought out the declaration by Mr. Taft to callers today that the language of the amendment as to boots and shoes is exactly as agreed upon by him, Senator Aldrich and Representative Payne. It has been claimed by the progressives that the language of the amendment reducing the duties on boots and shoes was made to apply only to shoes manufactured from hides dutiable under the Dingley bill, and did not apply to shoes which are made in part of kid, thus violating the agreement for a general reduction on all shoes.

President Taft told his callers today that the talk of a "joker" in the leather schedule was absurd.

Realizing that some heroic measure would have to be taken in order to restore public confidence, some of the conferees, before the meeting, expressed a willingness to adopt a resolution permitting the conferees to revise their action in regard to the hide and leather question.

The older and more conservative members said that this would not be necessary. They believe that if an explanation were made the public would accept it in good faith, and especially if President Taft gave the explanation his endorsement.

There were several things about the settlement of the differences between the house and the senate over the lumber schedule that were the subject of condemnation on the part of the senators from the middle western states, and it was reported that the conferees may include, in whatever statement they make, some explanation of their action in regard to that schedule. The increase above Dingley rates made on shingles is objected to particularly by the insurgents.


Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna acts gently yet promptly on the bowels; cleanses the system effectually; assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine.

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IF YOU APPRECIATE FINE WHISKEY

Write us promptly and thereby place yourself in position to receive FREE OF COST A FULL QUART of the best Straight Whiskey made. SECURITY CO., 316 S. Water St., CHICAGO.

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Address

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL, $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE. PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 77 Marshall, Mich.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICH.

MARRY RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 25c, FRAMES 15c, Panel pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c. Views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 220—31 W. Adams St., Chicago.

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW? That's all we want to know. Because we will not give you any grand prize or a lot of free stuff if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture with 6c. in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain. The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning, 330 Kingsmoore Bldg., Cleveland, O.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Soldiers who homesteaded less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to enough more land to equal 160 acres, no matter whether original entry was abandoned, relinquished or patented. Widows and other heirs are entitled. Describe fully your homestead entry. I will pay spot cash for these claims. Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Col.

MAKE ME AN OFFER on ¼ Section of Fine Land, near Bowman, N. D., near St. Paul. N. P. Line to pass it within 2 months. GEO. C. TALLERDAY, Belvidere, Ill.

WOMAN Listen: A secret every married woman should know; particulars for 2c stamp. Secret Formula Co., Fountaintown, Ind.

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed Free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.


## SCRAMBLED EGGS BY MAIL

### Postmaster Sends Them to Dead Letter Office.

Washington, July 28.—Eggs, as an article of mail transportation, are not popular with postal authorities. It developed yesterday that some one in Canada had mailed three dozen eggs to an address in Brattleboro, Vt., and when Postmaster H. E. Taylor opened a mail bag he found it dripping with eggs freshly scrambled.

Addresses were obliterated from letters in many instances, and they had to be sent to the dead letter office. Such a situation could not arise from mail originating in the United States, as such things as eggs are not mailable in this country.


WANTED—Census office clerks, railway mail clerks, city carriers, postoffice clerks. October and November examinations everywhere; $600 to $1,600 yearly; no "layoffs" because of poor times; short hours; annual vacation; salary twice monthly; over 10,000 appointments during 1909; country and city residents equally eligible; common education sufficient; political influence not required; candidates prepared free. Write immediately for schedule of examinations and free bulletin. Franklin Institute, Dept. J 35, Rochester, N. Y.

DON'T ACCEPT an agency until you get my samples and particulars. Money Makers. Address SAYMAN, 2283 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

NOW-GREAT—No competition; Prexite unbreakable dressing combs; hot seller; agents wanted. PREXITE COMB CO., North Adams, Mass. Sample combs, 35c; sell 75c.

MARRY WEALTH AND BEAUTY. Marriage Directory FREE. Pay when married. New plan. Box 314 F. F., Kansas City, Mo.


## COWBOY RIDES TO SEE TAFT

### Carries Invitation to President by Horseback.

San Antonio, Tex., August 2.—Cheered by a crowd of several thousand, Edward O'Reilly, a cowboy courier, has started on his ride of 2,200 miles to Washington, bearing an invitation signed by a number of citizens of Texas inviting President Taft to visit this state.

O'Reilly is riding the horse Aransas, a product of the Taft farm at Falfurrias, and expects to average thirty-five miles a day, the journey to the White House to consume two months. In addition to the invitation O' Reilly bears, President Taft will be formally asked to visit Texas and San Antonio by Representative Slayden.

## FINDS DIAMOND IN THE MUD

### Well Digger Discovers Stone That Is Worth $500.

East Las Vegas, N. M., July 29.—T. R. Gentry, while digging a well on his claim eight miles south of Tucumcari, in Quay county, excavated a genuine diamond in a bucket of dirt which he took from the well.

His thirteen-year-old daughter, who was playing near the well, discovered the sparkler when the dirt was dumped from the bucket. Mr. Gentry sent the stone to a St. Louis jeweler, who pronounced it genuine and offered him $500 for it.

Four carat and a half diamonds were cut from it.

## HANGING FOR LOCAL TALENT

### Protests Against Importation of Executioner.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., July 31.—Sheriff Rhodda, when he returned from Scranton, where he saw the professional hangman, Van Hise, hang a man yesterday, found unexpected opposition to his plan of engaging Van Hise to hang Tom Willis and Stanley Hazarko.

The opposition was contained in several letters from men here who desire to do the hanging if the sheriff is not disposed to do it.

One of them asks why home industry is not patronized and offers to hang both men for $25.

## WON'T SEND TROOPS TO GARY

### Gov. Marshall Says Courts Should Enforce Laws.

Indianapolis, Ind., August 3.—Governor Marshall has issued a brief official statement on his attitude toward law violations that the local authorities either fail or refuse to handle.

Newspaper reports sent out from Hammond and Chicago were that Governor Marshall had threatened to send the militia to Gary to enforce the laws The governor says he never has promised any one at Gary that he would send the militia to put down lawlessness. He said:

"It is the duty of the governor to urge upon and demand of all courts and officials the prosecution of statutory offenses and to give to them the assistance of the state's law department when so desired. In all instances this I have done and will continue to do.

"The governor cannot and should not put any part of this state under military law until the courts notify him that civil authority has been overthrown. If, however, the courts are able to dispense justice, but are impeded by lack of co-operation or refusal to act upon the part of peace officers, then the governor has power to send the militia to act as a posse comitatus to arrest and bring offenders before the court, there to be tried, not by military but by statutory law."

# PEOPLE OF OSAKA FLEE

## More Than Four Square Miles of Buildings Are Burned.

**JAPAN'S SECOND CITY.**

**Osaka is the second largest city of Japan. Its population in 1898 was 821,000 in the city and 1,300,000 including the suburbs. It covers an area of 27 square miles on both sides of the river Yodo and on islands. The great castle built in 1583 was destroyed in the civil war of 1868. The harbor has a depth of 28 feet at low tide. The city is a great manufacturing and shipping center.**

Osaka, Japan, August 2.—As a result of Saturday's disastrous fire thousands of persons are homeless and hunger confronts many of them. A system of relief has been organized by the municipal authorities, but it is inadequate to supply all needs. Outside cities and towns are generally sending in contributions to be used in alleviating the suffering of the homeless and destitute.

The latest estimates are that twenty thousand buildings were destroyed, these including banks, the stock exchange, the museum, government edifices and factories. While at present it is impossible accurately to state the losses, these are several million yen. It is feared that some of the insurance companies will fail as a result of the heavy losses they will have to pay.

**City of Wooden Houses.**

The conflagration lasted more than twenty-five hours and today the burned section presents a deplorable sight. The streets of the city are very narrow and the houses were mostly of wood construction. Under a strong breeze, therefore, the buildings were easy prey for the flames which jumped from one to another with great rapidity. Once hope was almost abandoned that the conflagration could be arrested. The firemen fought valiantly against the odds of lack of water and high wind, and many of them fell unconscious while working bravely at their posts. Had not the water supply been curtailed by the existing drouth it is believed the fire would have been quenched without great damage.

An area of over four miles square, containing some of the city's handsomest structures, including the Buddhist temple, the largest in the world, was entirely burned over before the fire was brought under control. The stock exchange, which was one of the most important in this country, was entirely destroyed. This loss, it is believed, will tend considerably to dislocate the business of Osaka, which, with its manufacturing concerns, is one of the chief commercial cities of Japan.

## EXPERT QUITS IN DISGUST

### Yellow Fever Fighter Says Cuba Is Too Stingy.

Havana, July 30.—Dr. John Guiteras the renowned yellow fever expert, has resigned as chief sanitary officer of Havana. He gives as his reason that his department is so crippled by unwise reductions in expenses that he is compelled to decline further responsibility for holding the fever in check.

# BLACK HANDER AMBUSHED AND KILLED BY A POSSE

Danbury, Conn., July 31.—Ambushed while nearing his hime on the outskirts of Danbury, Giovanni Zarcone, who figured in the "barrel murder" in Brooklyn several years ago and who has been known to have connection with the Black Hand society, was shot and killed by a band of men believed to have come from New York for the purpose.

The assassins fled to the woods as Zarcone fell dying on his doorstep. At a late hour today Chief of Police Bradley and twenty-five men and the Eighth company of the Coast Artillery Corps of the state militia were still scouring the woods for traces of the murderers.

Zarcone had been at the Danbury hospital to visit a sick niece. He returned alone. It is evident that the assassins knew of his movements for they concealed themselves along the roadway near Zarcone's house so as to intercept him on his return.

As Zarcone reached the ambush the end man in the line fired, the bullet passing through Zarcone's hat. Zarcone called to his son Pietro, who was in the house a short distance away and ran. He passed through a storm of bullets, several of which inflicted slight wounds. Just as he reached the entrance to his front garden the last man in the ambush sent a full charge of shot from a heavy shotgun full into Zarcone's face, and the victim staggered and dropped on his doorstep at his son's feet.

Pietro ran into the road and called for help. There was no one else in the house at the time, Mrs. Zarcone being in Brooklyn on a visit. Neighbors who had heard the shots ran up. When they arrived Pietro led them toward the woods and showed the trail the assassins had made when they fled. Pietro told Chief Bradley that he had counted seven men running toward the woods after the shooting.

Zarcone was dead before the surgeons from the Danbury hospital arrived. His body showed several wounds, and one side of his face had been torn away by the shotgun.

The report of the murder spread through Danbury and created great excitement. Zarcone was well known here, having conducted a prosperous little fruit farm for the last five or six years. More than a hundred citizens armed themselves and joined the constabulary and the state troops in the search for the assassins.

The cause of the crime is a mystery. Zarcone is said to have been arrested as a suspect in the "barrel murder" and his son Pietro is believed to be the same Pietro Zarcone who shot and killed a barber Andrea Gambino, in Brooklyn last April when the latter attempted to extort money from him.

# GLAD HAND FOR NOAH

## Tipton Banker Congratulated Upon His Return.

Tipton, Ind., July 30.—Noah R. Marker, assistant cashier of the First National bank, appeared at his home in this city early today, after having been missing since last Saturday evening, when, it is charged, he carried away with him $60,000 of the bank's funds.

Marker's family and friends at once gathered about him. On the advice of his attorneys, neither he nor his brother, William H. Marker, until lately cashier of the bank, would discuss the allegations of defalcation.

Noah Marker would only say he had been in St. Louis.

A crowd of townspeople assembled and he held a reception on his porch. Friends and acquaintances shook his hand and congratulated him on his return. Many business men assured him of their support.

Marker awaited the coming of United States authorities.

## BLIND MAN'S AIM IS DEADLY

### Pulls Out Two Revolvers and Empties Them in Crowd.

Paterson, N. J., July 31.—A blind negro, angered by the bartender's refusal to serve him more liquor, pulled out two revolvers today and emptied them in a crowded saloon, killing two men and seriously wounding a third. William F. Sasson is the man under arrest under two charges of murder.

In spite of Sasson's blindness the police say he is the terror of the shore district where he is known as "The Devil."

## BIG EARTHQUAKE SOMEWHERE

### Disturbance Is 2,800 Miles From Washington.

Washington, July 30.—An earthquake of considerable intensity and duration was recorded this morning by the weather bureau scismographs. The records began at 5:58 a. m., and lasted for more than an hour, the maximum intensity occurring between 6:13 and 6:20 a. m., with an actual movement of the ground at Washington of over two-tenths of an inch. From these records the epicycle of this earthquake appears to be about 2,800 miles distant from Washington, possibly in Ecuador, or off the western coast of South America, in the Pacific ocean.

## BUG ARMY STRIPS FIELD

### Eight-Acre Potato Patch Laid Waste by Insects.

Bethlehem, Pa., July 31.—Scores of North Bethlehem residents have battled against an invasion of the potato fields in that vicinity by potato bugs.

One field of eight acres that had not been properly sprayed attracted the pests, which appeared from somewhere by hundreds of thousands. Before the bugs were discovered the eight acres were stripped of all potato leaves.

The entire neighborhood turned out, and in a short time destroyed several bushels of bugs, thereby saving adjoining crops.

## BEATS ALL FRENCH RECORDS

Chalons-Sur-Marne, August 2.—M. Sommer yesterday made a flight of one hour, fifty minutes and thirty seconds' duration in his biplane.

This passes the records of all of the French aviators.


GOT TO

**Have Sharp Brains Nowadays or Drop Back.**

The man of today, no matter what his calling, needs a sharp brain, and to get this he needs food that not only gives muscle and strength but brain and nerve power as well.

A carpenter and builder of Marquette, who is energetic and wants to advance in his business read an article about food in a religious paper and in speaking of his experience he said:

"Up to three years ago I had not been able to study or use my thinking powers to any extent. There was something lacking, and I know now that it was due to the fact that my food was not rebuilding my brain.

"About this time I began the use of Grape-Nuts food, and the result has been that now I can think and plan with some success. It has not only rebuilt my brain until it is stronger and surer and more active, but my muscles are also harder and more firm, where they used to be loose and soft and my stomach is now in perfect condition.

"I can endure more than twice the amount of fatigue and my rest at night always completely restores me. In other words, I am enjoying life and I attribute it to the fact that I have found a perfect food." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

**Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.**


## WILL TURKS ATTACK CRETE?

St. Petersburg, August 3.—The Novoe Vreyma today publishes a dispatch from Constantinople saying that four transports loaded with Turkish troops have left the capital for the island of Crete and that a Turkish fleet has been ordered to escort them. The greatest secrecy regarding these naval movements is being observed and it is supposed that Turkey intends to effect a landing on the island.

# KING WOULD RISK LIFE

## Alfonso Wants to Visit the City Where Rebellion Is Rampant.

Paris, August 2.—Reliable news regarding the situation in Spain received here this morning from San Sebastian represents conditions as very grave throughout the northern part of the country, where all the trades unions have given notice of the beginning of a general strike today.

The government has seized all the telegraph and telephone wires in the affected provinces to prevent the leaders of the strike movement from communicating with each other. The transmission of newspaper dispatches has been stopped entirely, forcing a suspension of a majority of the journals.

Reports direct from Madrid say that King Alfonso is greatly depressed over the situation. He desired to throw his personal popularity in the scale, and it was with difficulty that he could be dissuaded from going to Barcelona in person. Premier Maura told him it would be equivalent to suicide to enter that hot-bed of anarchy.

**Bombard Moor Stronghold.**

Madrid, August 2.—According to official dispatches received here last evening, the situation at Melilla remains unchanged. There are still strong bodies of Moors hiding in the gorges. Mount Guruga, the Moorish stronghold, is being constantly bombarded by the Spanish artillery. There have been but few Spanish casualties. A dispatch received here from Alhucemas the Spanish island fortress and prison settlement on the Moroccan coast, says the Moors have opened a rifle fire on the town.

A special dispatch received here from Gibraltar says the British cruisers Lancaster and Suffolk, together with four torpedo boat destroyers, have sailed for Moroccan waters.

The military authorities today deny categorically that the revolutionists sentenced to death at Barcelona already have been executed. They say that the sentences are awaiting the approval of the minister of war, and that in the meantime the prisoners are being held in the dungeons of the Montjuich and Citaranas forts. Those of the prisoners who were wounded are in the hospital.

The government announces also that the work of restoring railroad communication in Catalonia is proceeding actively and that the lines between Barcelona, Cebere, Saragossa and Valencia probably will be re-established Wednesday.

**Are Trapped in Gorge.**

Oran, Algeria, August 2.—Officers of the steamer Emir, which came in here today from Melilla, referring to the fighting there between the Spaniards and the Moors of July 27, say the former made the mistake of advancing in solid masses through a gorge dominated on both sides by hills, whence the enemy mowed them down as fast as they issued from the pass. The unfortunate soldiers of Spain did not know where the fusillades came from. Many of the Spaniards had only just disembarked, and were without rations.

Other reports from the front say the arrangements for caring for the wounded are deplorable. There are but few doctors on the scene, and medicines and surgical instruments and other appliances are almost entirely lacking. Dring the fighting of July 27 the staff of General Marina, the commander of the Spanish forces, was decimated and some companies lost half their strength and three-quarters of their officers. All the reports speak of the bravery of the men and officers, but dwell upon the stupidity of the antiquated tactics employed and the disorganization of the commissariat.

## SOLOMON BETHEA IS DEAD

### Was United States Judge in Northern Illinois.

Sterling, Ill., August 3.—Solomon Hicks Bethea, 56 years old, United States judge for the northern district of Illinois, died early today of paralysis of the heart after a long sickness. He was United States district attorney in Chicago during the investigation of the alleged beef trust.

Mr. Bethea was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1872. President McKinley made him United States district attorney at Chicago. He was appointed to the United States district court by President Roosevelt in 1905. Judge Bethea was a prominent figure in the Republican party in Illinois.

## RUMPUS IN THE PARLIAMENT

### Wild Scenes When Demand Is Made to Suppress Religious Orders.

Lisbon, August 3.—Free thinkers from all political parties in Portugal, represented by a Liberal committee, today presented to the cortes a petition for the suppression of the religious orders in Portugal and the abrogation of the existing laws against freedom of conscience. This step was an outcome of the meeting held in this city yesterday.

The committee was accompanied to the houses of parliament by an immense crowd and some wild scenes ensued. Among other things the petitioners asked the abrogation of the recent law permitting religious associations to acquire landed property, a procedure which up to the present time has been illegal.

Senhor Camacho moved the consideration of the subject, and when the motion was voted down the galleries broke out in protestation. There was considerable violence on the floor of the house. The deputies engaged in a struggle in which desks and chairs were overturned and twice the chamber had to be cleared. The tumult was continued in the streets, but without serious results.

## Gets Rich Quick

Dorando Pietri, the Italian distance runner, declared in a recent interview at his home in Genoa that it was easy to make money and fame in America. This is the latest photograph of the Italian runner.

## MILL IS REOPENED

Piqua, August 3.—The number 1 mill of the American Sheet and Tin Plate company, which has been closed here by strike, ever since the open shop order went into effect, was started yesterday with a full complement of men. Union and non-union men went to work side b yside. A effort will be made to start the other mills of the local concern and the puddling department as soon as possible.

# RACE WAR IS FEARED

## Whites on the Warpath After Negro Band Who Attacked Boy.

Rome, Ga., August 3.—Following two days of intense excitement, with a war between the whites and negroes imminent, the small town of Farill, in Cherokee county, Alabama, eighteen miles of here, is quieting down, although there are still grave apprehensions of a serious clash.

Trouble between the races occurred at Farill two years ago and but little is needed to fan into flame the smouldering fires of resentment. An armed band of whites is still making search for members of the negro clan which precipitated the present trouble.

Galveston Perkins, a negro, enraged because of being ordered from the store of A. R. Wright, at Farill, Saturday afternoon, by the latter's son, Harper Wright, went away sullenly and Saturday night returned at the head of a mob of fifteen of his kinsmen and waylaid and assaulted Harper Wright a short distance from his father's store.

Cleveland Perkins, the ringleader's brother, knocked down young Wright with a rock as the latter was taking the mail pouch from the depot to the postoffice and immediately the other negroes joined in the attack. Wright was badly beaten and his injuries are serious.

Soon a number of white men appeared on the scene and the negroes fled. Immediately the town was alarmed and an armed posse scoured the woods all night, finally capturing Garvin Perkins, a cousin of the other Perkins. The posse allowed Garvin Perkins to be sent to jail at the county seat.

It is charged that Garvin Perkins also shot at Gus Wright, the 15-year-old brother of Harper Wright.

The negro women as well as most of the negro men have quit work and yesterday morning there was a threatening situation when a large number of negro women gathered in front of the postoffice and indulged in inflammatory talk. The were finally driven to their homes.

Although there are many negroes in the vicinity of Farill, the whites are in the majority.

# HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

## MORNING THOUGHTS

**SUNDAY**

May we be helped to learn the way of life. To live in such thoughts and deeds as shall make us of good heart and of kindly spirit.

**MONDAY**

Would you throw away a diamond because it pricked you? One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of all the earth. If there is coolness or unkindness between us, let us come face to face and have it out. Quick, before love grows cold!

**TUESDAY**

Smile a little, help a little, push a little,
The world needs you.
Work a little, wait a little, hope a little,
And don't get blue.

**WEDNESDAY**

They might not need me—yet they might,
I'll let my heart be just in sight.
A smile so small as mine might be
Precisely their necessity.

**THURSDAY**

In the morning when thou risest unwillingly, let this thought be present—"I am rising to the work of a human being."

**FRIDAY**

Grumble? No, what's the good?
If it availed, I would;
But it doesn't a bit,
Not it.

**SATURDAY**

Read what is written of thy past,
Then turn down the page.
All the future now thou hast,
Let not thy zeal assauge.
Much in wisdom not forgetting.
For a future need,
Spend no time in vain regretting,
Resolve—push on—succeed!

## THE OWNERSHIP QUESTION

Do you own yourself, or are you owned by the things you possess?

When one comes to give the matter consideration there are really few of us who can prove a claim to self ownership. We allow ourselves to be tyrannized over by our possessions, even if they do not amount to much in value. We are dominated by the clothes we wear, the house we live in, and the furniture that fills it. So long as we over-emphasize the importance of these things and permit them to disturb our minds because they are not exactly to our liking or because we fear we shall lose them, or something will happen to them, we are the owned, not the owners.

It is difficult to escape from the proprietorship of "things." Have you ever chanced to think what an ascendancy trifles will take if they are not held in subjection? Unless they are put in their proper place and kept there, they have a way of asserting their existence and claiming more attention than is their due.

"Back in the eighties," Prentice Mulford, the man who used as his slogan, "thoughts are things," was a prolific writer of articles designed to show how life should be ruled in order to make it successful and happy. Circumstances so alter cases it is scarcely possible to conduct life by a fixed rule, but there may be a general ruling which applies to all conditions. This is true with the ownership question, regarding which the following extract from one of the Mulford books will serve as an illustration and will apply to other matters as well as the incident described.

"I saw a woman the other day going home from a shopping excursion and carrying laboriously six bundles. I saw anxiety in her face and weariness in her arms. When she stepped into the street car it was with fear lest a package should drop. When she sat down it was to distribute bundles in front and on either side of her and then count to see that none were missing. If, on the trip, she lapsed into momentary forgetfulness, she awoke with a start to the sense of her burthen of many bundles and the fear that one might have been stolen. When she got out she was still passing through this ordeal and trial of bundles. Yet those bundles contained articles which she had bought because they pleased her fancy. No sooner had she, as she imagined, acquired proprietorship over them, than they captured and enslaved her. This was on a Saturday night. I have no doubt that some of those bundles waylaid her on her way to church, held possession of more or less of her soul, and absorbed some of her devotions. I speak in full sympathy with this poor woman, for I have many times been so captured by bundles myself—bundles of petty cares, bundles of imaginary wants, bundles of borrowed troubles, and bundles of vain imaginings. What a load of care she carried home in those bundles. There were 'things to make up.' But the dressmaker did not come according to appointment. Care number one. When she did come she fitted the dress badly. Trouble two. When she finished the work she charged more than was expected. Trouble three. When the dress was finished it was necessary to ask her husband for more money. Trouble four. Nor was it finished in time for the party. Trouble five. Did the poor woman own her dress? Did it own her?"

It is not necessary to point out the moral of this tale since it may be easily understood without explanation. Houses and clothes and furniture are essential to comfort, and to happiness to a certain degree, but they should be held as servants, not masters. It is well to enjoy one's possessions and to make use of them to the best advantage, and it is also well to be the owner and not the owned.

## THE COZY CORNER

**OUR MOTTO**

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

**FROM AN "OLD-TIMER"**

"Do farmers' wives grow old faster than their city cousins, and is there any reason why they should?"

May an old-timer come into the corner again. It has been years since I was one of you, but here I am. They say that a bad penny always returns. In answer to the question concerning farmers' wives, I answer yes and no. According to my observation, farmers' wives do grow old faster than their city cousins, generally speaking, but there is no reason why they should. There are reasons, however, why they do. Woman is a social being. She needs sympathy, love and congenial society. She needs variety, rest and change, just the same as anyone else. Farmers' wives do not have so much opportunity for rest, recreation and recuperation of mind and spirit as do city women. The good Book says, "It is not good for man to be alone." The word man is used in a universal sense and applies to both men and women. Farmers' wives are too much alone. Many of them have to work too hard and do not have suitable or sufficient diversion.

Allow me to illustrate. Recently, becoming acquainted with a new neighbor, we rather hesitatingly (because of her apparent youthfulness) asked if she had any children. Receiving a negative answer, we said: "We supposed you were young married people, but as some marry quite young we thought there might be a small family." Imagine our surprise when she said she was 45. But we learned she had, since childhood, lived in a city and, as a minister's wife, was in constant touch with other minds, so kept young among the young with whom she was associated.

Another woman, less than 50, lived most of her life on a very lonely ranch or farm, seldom seeing anyone outside her own family. Recently she was obliged to spend several months in a city as a nurse to a dear old parent, who could not recover. Soon after going to the city she accepted an invitation to dine with a friend, who said, "I have invited some very dear friends of mine to meet you. They are elderly, about your age, I think, and as they are very lovely people I am sure you will like them." Imagine this woman's surprise when she found the other guests to be about 70 years of age. After months of care and anxiety beside the sick bed, in the city, where there were continually callers, and where she could attend divine worship among other Christian people, every Sunday, she still felt younger, by twenty years, than she feels when isolated on the lonely farm. This is the experience of—A Preacher's Great-Granddaughter.

**HAPPY ALL THE TIME**

For the past two years I have been a reader of The Blade, and the Cozy Corner is the first thing I read. I get such consolation from the Morning Thoughts. It seems as if some of them are written especially for me. Then we have the letters from different persons and places. From most of them we housewives and mothers can obtain a helpful thought. I, for one, have been greatly benefited, in many ways, by the letters, and I always wish there were more of them. The thought came to me that I should enjoy washing my dishes, and like to wash them as soon as a meal is over. If I leave them at all I try to get them in the drain.

I love housekeeping and am happy all the time. If this finds its way into the Cozy Corner I will write again and tell how I keep myself and my home happy.—Happy Wife and Mother.

Do not forget your promise. We cannot have too many talks on "How to Be Happy."—Editor.

**HOW SHE "HELPS OUT"**

Dear Editor and Friends of the Cozy Corner—Here are two ways that I work at to help out. We keep a few sheep and each year one or two fleeces of wool are made into yarn. This makes work for odd minutes. After the family is supplied there is usually a good sale for home-made socks or mittens.

Another way is keeping a few bees. My father gave me one swarm four years ago. I now have ten. I care for them mostly myself and am beginning to realize quite a sum to help out with.

Now, sisters, let us remember that The Blade has a wide circulation and that which is gall for one is meat for another. We want different ways and plans for getting through the work. It is impossible for all to follow the one perfect way. Those who can tell us how they do their work will help us the most.

Quite often I save time when I have a big dinner to get by making pies or pudding first, then cook peas, beans or whatever I have, then my potatoes and meat, and biscuits last, if I haven't bread. While it is all cooking I wash my dishes and set the table. After supper, if the plates are not soiled they are turned over, or covered with a spread to keep off dust, and used again for breakfast.

A kind lady taught me to do this. I send it on, hoping some mother will be helped by it.

When I was quite a young girl I used to stay with a good old lady to help her. Every time she asked me to do anything she would say, "If you are a-mind to you may do this, or that," whatever it was.

Instead of commanding children to do things, let us try this other way and see how it works.—Farmer's Wife from Penna.

**JUST A FEW LINES**

I have been reading some of the letters from the sisters in The Blade and now will try and write a few lines. We live in the most beautiful part of Eaton county, Michigan, near the thriving city of Charlotte, one of the cleanest towns I have been in. The streets are all paved and kept free from all kinds of dirt, and that is more than I can say about the rest of the cities in the county. I have a lovely home a short way out, with a good house and fine yard, containing so many evergreen trees at one side they form a park. There are several lakes within a short distance where we go often and occasionally stay some time.

I endorse all that was in the the article about children's manners. I have no children of my own, but the neighbors have, and they come in often, and some of them go through my spool box and whatever there is they can find until I wish they would stay home, or had some manners. I can get along with the little ones, but when they are from 10 to 18 years old it is not so pleasant to have everything turned over.—Perdita Marie.

**HER ASPIRATION**

In response to the question, "What is my greatest desire?" Allow me to say, it is to be true to God and myself; to possess a spotless character, and to live each day in such a way that at the eventide of life I can look back over the years that have flown with the feeling which comes only with the assurance that one has done one's best. desire, also, that my children lead true, Christian lives, and last, but not least, that I may meet all the loved ones in the house not made with hands.—The Children's Friend.

**THE WAY OF A WOMAN**

The suffragette was practising her address for the Woman's Rights club at her own little home. Her words were defiant. "Women are the real rulers," she orated. "Men are marionettes. Since the beginning of time woman has been the real power behind the throne; now she fearlessly demands her place on the throne. She is triumphant; she defies the world; she—"

The door bell rang. The man with the book agent manners bowed. "May I see the head of the house a moment?"

"He is not at home," said the suffragette, slamming the door and resuming her oratory. "Let me see, where was I?"—August Lippincott's.

## THE MAKING OF BUTTER

Among modern butter makers there is a difference of opinion as to which affords better results, the sweet cream or ripened cream. By "ripening" is understood the souring of the cream by the action of the lactic bacteria. The presence of these germs may be left to chance inoculation or be artificially supplied. The source of the latter may be buttermilk or cream from preceding churnings, an artificially prepared starter of sour milk, or some of the so-called commercial lactic ferments.

With regard to the latter, there is diversity of opinion. In Denmark and Germany a large part of their butter is produced from cream first pasteurized, then ripened with the aid of an artificial bacteria culture. The use of such ferments, however, has only slightly extended to this country. The process of making butter is the same with either sweet or ripened cream. Butter made from sweet cream has a delicate flavor, but lacks the aroma of that made from ripened cream. The best temperature at which to churn the cream is from fifty-eight to sixty degrees Fahrenheit. A dairy thermometer, by the way, is almost an essential in successful butter making, as the right temperature means quick butter.

If the cream is too cold place the jar in a pan of hot water and stir and test until the right temperature. In summer, when the temperature is too high, chill with cold water. In the winter scald the churn before turning in the cream. In hot weather rinse it out with cold. In churning let the motion be regular and not too rapid.

When the butter forms, draw off the buttermilk and pour cold water into the churn. Work the dasher a few times and draw off the water. The addition of a small amount of salt, a teaspoonful to each quart of water added, facilitates the removal of the buttermilk, but does not add any perceptible saltiness to the butter. Let this second rinsing water stand fifteen minutes, then work the dasher to collect the butter, which should not be in a solid mass, but in little kernels.

The second rinsing water should run away clear or with a slight milkiness. Then have ready a wooden bowl and paddles scalded, then chilled with cold water, collect the butter granules and salt, allowing a teaspoonful salt to each pound of the butter. Work a little, cover with a clean linen cloth wrung from cold salt water and set away for a few hours. Work again with the paddles until all buttermilk and water are removed, but not enough to injure the grain of the butter.

The salt used should be dry, of uniform grain and must be dissolved to a clear solution. The brands of salt made from the natural crystal give the best results according to expert butter makers.

Butter that is to be packed and held for any length of time should be worked drier than that intended for immediate consumption.

Now the butter may be shaped or printed in any form desired. Prints are usually made in pound and half pound sizes, a standard size for pound prints being four and five-eighths by two and one-half or two and three-eighths inches. If designed for market these are wrapped in parchment paper and packed in specially made carrying boxes. For home use the butter may be made in long rolls wrapped in cloth wrung from salt water, then packed in wooden tubs or a stone jar. If preferred, the butter may be packed layer by layer in well made tubs of ash, spruce or oak.

The color of butter is largely affected by the race of the cow, the pasturage or character of the food the animal eats and by the period of lactation. The color of butter should be clear, bright golden yellow. The great mass of commercial butter is artificially colored. For this purpose a large variety of substances have been employed; the most common and harmless is a preparation of annato in some neutral oil. Only a minute quantity is necessary to produce butter of the desired shade.

## READY-MADE CLOTHING TREES

Life would be greatly simplified could clothes be picked from trees. In fairy tales this sort of thing may happen, but in real life the only near approach to a ready-made clothing tree is found in some portions of the tropical world, where, at the present day, there are races of men who obtain their rude costumes from the inner bark of certain trees. In the August number of The Strand Magazine is a description of these trees, written by H. F. Macmillan, who discourses as follows:

One of the best examples of these trees is the "Sack tree" (Antiaris innoxia) of Ceylon. To obtain the bark of this the tree is felled and cut into sections; these are submerged in still water for several weeks for the purpose of retting the bark, the latter being then washed and pounded so as as to separate the parenchymatous tissue from the closely interwoven layer of fibres. The bark is afterwards dried and bleached, when it is ready for use in a fashion according to the fancy of the wearer. The sections of the bark may be cut into any length so as to adapt it for either a ready-made skirt, kilt or shirt. The Veddahs, an uncivilized aboriginal tribe of Ceylon who live in forests, must obviously find this bark-cloth of great service.

NATIVES IN BARK-CLOTH CLOTHES

"The "paper-mulberry" tree is the source of the famous "tapa cloth" of Polynesian islands. This is a natural tissue similar to that already described; it is derived from the inner bark, and after being torn off in strips is scraped with shells and beaten with a mallet until it resembles a soft, flexible paper. The individual strips are united by overlapping the edges and beating the fibres together, until large pieces of the tissues are formed.

It is said that "before Hawaii was swept with the wave of civilization, men and women alike were dressed in this natural bark-cloth 'tapa' or 'kapa.'" The dress of the women consisted of the "pa-u," or wrapper, composed of five thicknesses of tapa, about four yards in length by three in width, passed several times around the waist and extending below the knee. The dress of the men was the "malo," or girdle, about a foot in width and several yards long. A "kikel," or mantle, six feet square, was sometimes worn by both sexes. In former years these natural clothes were sometimes bleached to snowy whiteness, or were dyed in colors, and even printed or ornamented, usually in checks or squares. In Uganda and other parts of Central Africa a bark-cloth is obtained from a species of Brachystegia, a leguminous tree. The natives there use it for various domestic purposes besides clothing.

## THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

May a California maid enter your circle? The beloved Blade has been a constant and welcome visitor in our house for two years now, and it is read by every member of our large family. My father says of all the papers and magazines which come to us, and they are not a few, The Blade contains the most useful knowledge and interesting facts in the least space.

I live on a large farm and go a long distance to church. We have sixty acres in the home place and three hundred and twenty acres in the hills for a stock range. We go three miles to church and the children go half a mile to a district school. We have lived in California only a little over two years, our former home being in western Massachusetts. We find it a great change, but withal a pleasant one. We are in northern California, near the famous redwood belt, which is so rapidly disappearing.

It is in response to L. H. Palmer's queries that I am writing, and I wish to say that I think if a minister of the gospel had time aside from his pastoral duties, that it would be a pleasant pastime to do manual labor. I think through nature's realm one can get closer to God than in any other way. As to other labor, if it is done conscientiously it would be right and proper. In one of our local churches the pastor made all the kitchen garden for his family, and in spare time he used to break colts. This same minister, I believe, has done more good for the young men and women than any other man ever did in this vicinity.

He has organized Christian athletic clubs, cadet brigades for boys and girls, missionary societies and a brass band, taking the directorship of all but the band. These clubs have kept the boys and girls from the streets, interested them in Sunday school and led them from the wide path to the straight and narrow way. The people have learned to love him, and respect him for his fondness for manual labor, while they were quite disgusted with one minister because he would continually beg fresh vegetables, etc., and not accomplish nearly the good the present pastor does.—Shy Ann of California.

Here comes a Tennessee girl to join you. I have been a reader of The Blade for several years and enjoy the Household page very much. I have no long journeys to tell about, as I have never been out of my beloved state, so I will tell you of my occupation. I am a little country school ma'am, and like teaching very much. I have just returned home from Greenville, where I attended the Greene county normal. I enjoy being associated with teachers and appreciate Florence L's letter. I am always glad to see letters from teachers.

To my mind there is no calling higher than that of the school teacher. When I say teacher I mean one who is wholly consecrated to the work. I do not think very much of a teacher who cares for the money alone and has no other purpose in view. I honestly believe that God calls the teacher, just the same as he calls the minister of the gospel. We should realize that a great responsibility is resting upon us, and should do our very best to train the little ones to be noble, honest and God-like men and women who will be an honor to their parents and their country. Teachers have the training of the young minds almost as much as parents. They are under our care and protection five days out of every week for several months in the year. They come to the school room at eight o'clock in the morning and remain until four in the afternoon. Then they return to homes where the parents may be busy with their evening work and have not much time for the little ones. In a short while they retire for the night and when they wake in the morning, they are soon off for school again, and in charge of the teachers. Therefore, I think we have a great responsibility on our shoulders.

Another duty is to prepare well every lesson ourselves before attempting to hear a recitation. It makes no difference how familiar we may be with a subject, we should study it in order that we may know just how to present it in a way that each child can thoroughly understand. We should also study the nature of the children, that we may understand how to interest each individual child. No two children are exactly alike. What will interest one will not attract another, so it is important that we study child nature. As teachers we should try to make our lives as nearly perfect as possible, and remember the little ones are watching our every move, and, to a great extent, are patterning after us, therefore we should strive to do our best. I hope this will skip the waste basket.—The Little School Teacher.

Will you allow a blue-eyed Kentucky lass of seventeen years to join your band? I've been a reader of the interesting M. G. R. letters for several years, but never before got up sufficient courage to write. I am having a lovely time this summer, "just resting." I returned home from college the first of June and we moved to the country, where we are camping in a beautiful grassy valley away from the noise and bustle of town. I am enjoying my vacation much more alone here with my parents, after having been away from them so long, than I could in any other possible way. I am happy and free as the birds, and, as I know that in only a few weeks I shall be in school again, I am trying to make the most of my vacation.

Beverly, your description of your picnic was very interesting. I'm sure I'd like to have been a member of the happy party.

Edna, I'd like to call on you some afternoon and have a pleasant chat in your lonely home.

Well, I'll not tire you with my first letter, but will come again if you admit me to your happy band. Best wishes to everyone of the M. G. R.'s.—Kentucky Lass.

P. S.—Just wait a minute, please, I forgot to tell you about the M. G. R. motto. Several years ago, in my school was offered a prize of a beautiful book for the best quotation. I gave the M. G. R. motto—"Do all the good you can, to all the people you can," and won the prize against about one hundred other pupils.

West Virginia Schoolmistress, I was born on the Ohio side of the Ohio river and think that is one of the best states in the union, although I left there when I was a little girl. I do not have any hobbies to ride, I always go afoot. I am just an ordinary, every-day sort of a girl, about as much interested in one thing as another. Are there any more like me?

I would like to go to Seattle this summer, but as my treasury is low I am afraid I cannot go. I shouldlike to go to see the G. A. R. encampment, and if I cannot go there, either, I will go to a picnic in the village and read the experiences of the more fortunate members who will be able to tell us about the fair in The Blade. I have lived in the city as well as in the country, Wilma Wild, and find that both have their advantages, but when one is tired and weary and out of sorts, I think the country is best.

Olive Branch, your heart garden was beautiful and I have read it twice and have set it aside to read again. Our page is growing more interesting every week.—Sego Lily.

Dear Miss Prudence and M. G. R.'s—I have read your corner of The Blade ever since I was a little tot of 11 years. Of course I shall not say I understood everything I read, but I knew all the M. G. R.'s. I lived with my auntie then and she always told me I might write when I became old enough. I think I'm old enough now, although auntie is not here any more to tell me.

I am seventeen and was graduated from our high school in the past spring. Dear M. G. R.'s, I will try to do all the good I can in this world, but for all the nice things you say about being good, it's hard! Or at least it's hard for me. If I am good for one week I do something so extremely bad the next that I have continual black marks following me around.

My mother is an invalid, so I keep house for my father and small brother, besides caring for her; and small brothers are such a task!

Will the Texas M. G. R.'s please write all about Texas? I am greatly interested in that state, because I have the nicest big brother and little sister living there.

Before I leave, I want to give my best wishes to all the M. G. R.'s. I wish I might give you some of my beautiful hills and trees and flowers. I cannot do this, but some day when I am old and very wise, I will paint all of these beautiful things and bring the painting to one of your delightful reunions.—The Artist.

**WATERMELON BOOTH FOR A SUMMER FAIR**

The feature which scored the greatest success at a summer resort fair was a watermelon booth, the bright invention of an artist sojourning at one of the hotels.

The booth was hung with festoons of red and green tissue paper and decorated with piccaninny heads cut from black paper, with features painted in watercolor.

Big slices of watermelon at ten cents a slice were served by one of the ladies interested, blacked and bandana-ed to represent a portly southern mammy. The "watermillion," owing to the warm weather and the novelty of it, took like the proverbial hot cakes.—Woman's Home Companion.

## CAT ANSWERS AN ADVERTISEMENT

You know that there are some people who say that cats cannot read good, plain English. If that is so, will you please tell me how it happened that this one came to the front door of the Belden family in answer to Ted's advertisement?

"The mice are eating us out of house and home!" said Mary, as she brought in the cream for breakfast. "I don't see what we will do if we don't get a cat."

"We really do need one," said mother thoughtfully, "but I don't know of a good mouser anywhere."

"Why don't you advertise?" joked father, as he drank his coffee. "An 'ad' in the Gazette or Post ought to bring you one."

"Costs too much!" laughed mother. "Well, then, stick up a sign!" said father.

Ted thought it over as he finished his breakfast. He could "stick up a sign" just as well as anybody. Where should he put it? He decided that a good, big, handsome one done in red paint and pinned up on the front door, would be as good as anything; and so, half an hour later, that was what callers might have seen if they had come so early. It stayed there all the forenoon, and this is what it said:

**"WANTED—A CAT."**

A few people saw it, and laughed, for it was such a big piece of brown wrapping paper, and the letters were so big and red, and scraggly, that you couldn't help seeing them, unless you were very, very near-sighted.

Just before luncheon time mother had to go to the front door for something, and there stood a lean, lank, gray cat, with one paw up, trying to catch the fluttering corner of that brown paper sign. It seemed as if it were trying to say, "I've come! Why do you want that sign any more?"

"Ted, did you put that thing up there?" asked mother taking the pins out in a hurry and carrying the dreadful looking sign inside to use for kindling. "What will the neighbors think! Such a front door for people to look at!"

"It brought the cat!" said Ted in triumph.

And, sure enough, there was the long, lean, gray cat following close at their heels everywhere they went, and mewing for milk. He turned out a splendid mouser, too, and to this day Ted firmly believes in advertising.

## PLEASANT VOICES

The use of good English is an attraction that any girl may possess. And if she happens to have a pleasant voice and enunciates carefully she need not be beautiful of feature, for her charm of speaking will be lasting. Slang she must taboo, of course, and cultivate instead the art of expressing herself well and without pedantry.

There is no need to discover why many girls think to say, "Isn't it (or he, or she) a wonder?" If they consider it clever they are mistaken. It comes nearer being vulgar than anything else. They need have not the slightest fear of being considered affected if they choose some other manner of expressing admiration or astonishment.

It sounds infinitely better, and certainly is simple, to exclaim, "Isn't it lovely?" or something similar, and the choice of words characterizes the difference between a girl who is particular in the way she speaks and one who is careless or indifferent.

Some persons have an odd characteristic of dropping their "t's" at times and adding them at others, almost as Cockneys displace their "h's." For example, a very well educated, but extremely careless woman, who really knows better, says or would say, when using the words "across" and "swept:" "She swep' across the room," and I was similarly astonished a few weeks ago when a woman who should have known better, declared that her baby had "slep' and slep' and slep'." There is no justification of this in any case, and a girl who finds herself with the habit should be careful to rectify it.

To make any defense of such slang as "Wouldn't that jar you," "Up against it," and similar expressions is impossible when they come from the lips of a girl. There is always attempt at it for a man, on the basis that his masculinity justifies a certain direct brusqueness of expression. This is not applied to the other sex, however, and such phrases are unattractive, to put it mildly.

One of the oldest expressions most commonly used is a perverted emphasis of "excuse me." Some writer recently remarked that an "impossible person' belonged to that set which considered 'excuse me,' in italics, as the quintessence of wit." In point of fact, when there is occasion for employing, it should be done with dignity and precision, in which there must be no trace of priggishness. To regard the sentence as a substitute for the word "no" is very bad form.

## THE POETS' CORNER

**THE MAN WITH THE MUSKET**

By the Rev. H. S. Taylor.

They are building as Babel was built, to the sky,
With clash and confusion of speech;
They are piling up monuments massive and high,
To lift a few names out of reach.
And the passionate green-laureled god of the great,
In a whimsical riddle of stone,
Has chosen a few from the field and the state
To sit on the steps of his throne.

But I—I will pass from this rage of renown,
This ant-hill, commotion and strife,
Pass by where the marbles and bronzes look down
With their fast-frozen gestures of life,
On, out to the nameless who lie 'neath the gloom
Of the pitying cypress and pine;
Your man is the man of the sword and the plume,
But the man of the musket is mine.

I knew him! By all that is noble, I knew
This commonplace hero I name!
I've camped with him, marched with him, fought with him, too,
In the swirl of the fierce battle-flame!
Laughed with him, cried with him, taken a part
Of his canteen and blanket, and known
That the throb of this chivalrous prairie boy's heart
Was an answering stroke of my own.

I knew him, I tell you! And, also, I knew
When he fell on the battle-swept ridge,
That the poor, battered body that lay there in blue
Was only a plank in the bridge
Over which some should pass to a glorious fame
That shall shine while the high stars shall shine.
Your hero is known by an echoing name,
But the man of the musket is mine.

I knew him! All through him the good and the bad
Ran together, and equally free;
But I judge as I trust Christ has judged the poor lad,
For death made him noble to me!
In the cyclone of war, in the battle's eclipse,
Life shook out its lingering sands,
And he died with the names that he loved on his lips,
His musket still grasped in his hand.
Up close to the flag my soldier went down,
In the salient front of the line.
You may take for your heroes the men of renown,
But the man of the musket is mine.

There is peace in the May-laden grace of the hours
That come when the day's work is done,
And peace with the nameless, who, under the flowers,
Lie asleep in the slant of the sun.
Beat the taps! Put out lights! And silence all sound!
There is rifle-pit strength in the grave.
They sleep well who sleep, be they crowned or uncrowned,
And death will be kind to the brave.

Old comrades of mine, by the fast waning years
That move to mortality's goal,
By my heart full of love and my eyes full of tears,
I hold you all fast in my soul;
And I march with the May, and its blossoming charms
I tenderly lay on this sod,
And pray they may rest there, old comrades in arms,
Like a kiss of forgiveness from God.

**NELLIE GRAY**

There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
Where I've whiled many happy hours away,
A-sitting and a-singing by the little cottage door,
Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

CHORUS.

Oh, my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more;
I'm sitting by the river, and I'm weeping all the day,
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

When the moon had climbed the mountain, and the stars were shining, too,
Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray,
And we'd float down the river in the little red canoe,
While my banjo sweetly I would play.

One night I went to see her, but she's gone, the neighbors say;
The white man has bound her with his chain;
They have taken her to Georgia, there to wear her life away,
As she toils in the cotton and the cane.

My canoe is under water, and my banjo is unstrung,
I'm tired of living any more;
My eyes they shall look downward, and my song shall be unsung,
While I stay on the old Kentucky shore.

My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way,
Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door;
Oh! I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray,
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Oh, my darling Nelly Gray, up in heaven there, they say
That they'll never take you from me any more;
I am coming, coming, coming, as the angels clear the way,
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

**DRIFTING AWAY**

By Flo Campbell.

Drifting away, drifting away,
Soon this bright, bright now will be yesterday;
So I wander back when the day is done,
And I dream sweet dreams, as the night comes on.

Drifting away, drifting away
From the hopes of youth and its pleasure gay;
Ah! the years were bright, but they sped too fast,
And I dream tonight of a dear, dead past,
And I dream tonight of a dear dead past.

Coming to me, coming to me,
From a distant isle in some sunlit sea;
All the sleepy years that with hopes are rife,
'Till I bid farewell to this earthly life,
'Till I bid farewell to this earthly life.

Beckoning me, beckoning me,
See the future stands in its majesty;
I can only know what the promise given,
When 'tis read aright, in the far, blue heaven,
When 'tis read aright, in the far, blue heaven.

**CHILDHOOD DAYS ON MOTHER'S KNEE**

I am thinking of my mother, and the days of childish glee,
And the many happy hours that I spent upon her knee;
How she'd kiss me and caress me, and sing so sweet to me,
While I nestled on her breast in sleep so peacefully;
How my heart would beat with gladness and how happy I would be,
To be a child again on mother's knee.

CHORUS.

Just to be a child again on mother's knee,
Just to hear her speak those loving words to me,
Just to hear her sweet voice singing
The songs she sang to me—
I'd give just one half of my days,
To be a child again on mother's knee.

I can hear her sweet voice singing still,
The songs she sang to me;
While I nestled in her arms, or romped around her knee,
I can see her sweet face smiling, as she used to smile on me,
When I played a childish trick, or tried to naughty be;
But my joy here turns to sadness, for I never more will see—
My dear old angel mother's gone from me.

**MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD**

How sweet are the memories of childhood,
When we culled the bright flowers on the hill,
Or roamed o'er wildwood and meadow
And rested on the banks of the rill.

Ah! Those days were so sweet to our memory,
Recalling fond scenes we can never forget,
They soften the heart that is seared by trials—
We find there is something dear to us yet.

Oft have we strayed by the brook in the meadow
And gathered the violets tender and blue;
Ah! Those were the days that knew no anguish—
Hearts ever blithsome, tender and true.

Now trials are ever before us,
They are with us abroad and await us at home,
They hinder our footsteps, they darken our household,
And cause us a shudder wherever we roam.

Then let us not linger in foolish repining,
But press on with hope of a futre more fair;
The hot rays of noontide would be hard to bear
If we did not hope for the soft evening air.

The autumn of life should ever be welcome,
'Tis then we are entering the portals of rest,
Soon we shall be free from the burdens of sorrow
And dwell with the pure in realms of the blest.

Vegetation but dies to awake in new beauty,
When the verdure of spring clothes the landscape again,
So we will awake with our blessed Redeemer,
In the fullness of youth and our hearts free from pain.

**THE CARRIER DOVE**

Fly away to my native land, sweet dove,
Fly away to my native land,
And bear these lines to my lady love,
That I've traced with a feeble hand.
She marvels much at my long delay;
A rumor of death she hath heard,
Or perhaps she thinks that I've falsely strayed.
Oh, fly to her bower, sweet bird!

Oh, fly to her bower, sweet bird and say
That the chain of the tyrant is o'er me now—
That I never shall mount my steed again,
With the helmet upon my brow.
I could bear in my dungeon to waste away youth,
I could fall by the conqueror's sword,
But I cannot endure she should doubt my word.
Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.

I shall miss they visit at dawn, sweet dove,
I shall miss thy visit at eve;
But bear these lines to my lady-love,
And then I shall cease to grieve.
No friend to my lattice a solace brings
Except when thy voice is heard,
Or thou beatest the bars with thy snowy wings.
Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.

**GOOD NEWS FROM HOME**

Good news from home, good news for me
Has come across the deep blue sea,
From friends that I've not seen for years,
From friends that I have left in tears.

CHORUS.

Then, since we've parted long ago,
My life has been a scene of woe;
But now a joyful hour has come,
For I have heard good news from home.

No father near to guide me now,
No mother's tears to soothe my brow,
No sister's voice falls on my ear,
No brother smiles to give me cheer.

When shall I see that cottage door
Where I've spent years of joy before;
'Twas there I knew no grief nor care;
My heart was always happy there.

**THE ARMY OVERCOAT**

By George Archibald.

He was idle as a boy, he was shiftless as a youth;
He was slovenly in dress, and his manners were uncouth.
The neighbors looked their scorn when they saw him passing by;
His father used to scold, and his mother used to sigh;
But he volunteered the day he was old enough to vote,
And they hardly knew the fellow in his army overcoat.

For he braced his lazy shoulders with a military air,
His aimless face grew firmer; said the neighbors: "I declare!"
His father took his hand, his mother beamed her pride,
The winter day he marched away, a foolish maiden cried.
Full fifty folks forgot their sneers, full fifty roughly smote,
With friendly slap the back that wore the army overcoat.

He sent his parent's letters they were long in making out;
He was faithful as a sentry, in the fight his heart was stout.
The day he saved the captain's life, that day he lost his own,
And spoke some manly parting words, and died without a groan.
The captain closed his eyelids with a choking in his throat,
And sent him to his mother in his army overcoat.

The meeting-house was crowded full upon his burial day,
And scores and scores passed down the aisle to see him as he lay,
The foolish maiden noticed on his hand a ring of bone,
The union shield cut on it, and wished it was her own;
And after prayer and hymn and speech and war-time anecdote
The earth received the soldier in his army overcoat.

**SILENT NIGHT**

Hail to the Queen of the silent night,
Shine clear, shine bright;
Yield thy pensive light;
Blithely we dance in thy silvery ray;
Happily passing the hours away.
We must love thee, stilly night,
Dressed in robes of blue and white;
Heaven's arches ring;
Stars wink and sing,
Hail, hail, hail,
Silent night, silent night.

Dart thy bright ray from thy throne on high,
Beam on through sky
Robed in azure dye;
We laugh and sport while the night bird sings;
Brushing the dew from his sable wings;
Sprites now sport in still moonlight,
Play with pearls of softest night;
Heaven's arches ring,
Stars wink and sing;
Hail, hail, hail,
Silent night, silent night.

**POEMS REQUESTED**

The songs Dad's Dinner Pail, Just as the Sun Went Down, and My Hump-Backed Mule are wanted.

Who knows anything of a poem entiled The Brakeman Goes to Church?

A request is made for a poem written on the incident of President Lincoln's pardon of a soldier condemned to death. Here is a line from the poem:

"Grave statesman paced to and fro."

**FOR SUMMER BOARDERS**

Scott spent a part of one summer in the country, and hence was an authority on agricultural matters.

"In milking a cow," he wrote his friends, "always sit on the side furthest from the critter, and nearest the soft spot in the pasture."—Success Magazine.

# RHEUMATISM
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FREDERICK DYER, Corresponding Sec'y.

It is because we know what wonderful relief Magic Foot Drafts are giving at every stage of this cruel disease that we are willing to take all the chances. Because we know they are curing even cases of 30 and 40 years suffering, as well as all the milder stages, and because we feel so sure that they will cure every sufferer who reads this, we ask no one to pay a cent until after he has tried the Drafts and knows for himself what they can do. Just send us your address. Our valuable New Book (in colors) on Rheumatism comes FREE with the trial Drafts—all prepaid. Address Magic Foot Draft Co., W. B. 32 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Write today.

# DOES AWAY WITH RATS

## Newest Paris Hat Creation a Furry Terror.

New York, July 28.—There's a new hat coming from Paris, where the first peach baskets grew. It is a furry terror. The vogue for it was created by the costumes of the girls in L'Imperatrice, in which Rejane is now appearing in Paris. And on cool nights in Paris, even now, the new freak is being worn by those who get comfort by being ahead of the styles.

The new hat is shaped more like a bandmaster's shako than anything else. It is of fur. A New York milliner brought a number of the new hats from Paris.

"They call the thing the 'Toque Riffe.' It is fitted down close to the eyebrows, over the ears and covers the back of the neck. It is about twelve inches from the eyebrows to the summit, and is ornamented on the side by an aigrette which rises six inches above the dome."

The hat, Mr. Kurzmann said, will do away with all wearing of pompoms or the mysterious things called "rats" which gives a man the horrors when he puts his hand on the bureau in the dead of night.

## NEARLY KILL YOUNG SUTTON

### Cadets Brutally Beat Brother of Dead Lieutenant.

New York, August 1.—Five West Point cadets, four of whom are said to have been concerned in the recent hazing of Cadet Sutton, a brother of the late Lieut. Sutton whose death at Annapolis is being investigated by a court of inquiry, will be sent to their homes this week, according to a special to the New York Times, there to await final action by the President and secretary of war on the recommendation of the superintendent of the academy that they be dismissed.

Cadet Sutton, a fourth-class or first year man, was attacked by a number of third-class men, robed in white sheets, it is said, and when he captured two of them was set upon by a relief party armed with tent poles and so badly beaten that with the exception of one day he has not been out of the hospital since July 20. Despite his injuries he is reported to have informed the board that he could recognize none of his assailants. The case has been the subject of a special investigation, a report on which was recently made to the superintendent.

## EX-MILLIONAIRE NOW POOR

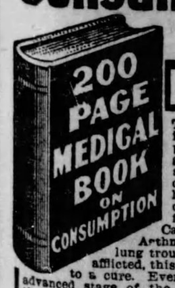
### Man Who Gave Away Huge Sums Has Only $7.00.

New York, July 31.—John H. Dean, lawyer and real estate agent, who four years ago dropped $100,000 into the collection plate at the Calvary Baptist church, has testified in the supreme court that his entire worldly possessions consist of the suit of clothes he wears and $7 in cash.

Mr. Dean gave away large sums of money previous to his business reverses. He gave $100,000 to the University of Rochester, and besides the $100,000 which he placed in the contribution plate one Sunday, he donated $50,000 to the Calvary church building fund.

He testified to his present depleted financial condition in the action of one of his creditors.


**Consumption Book FREE**




This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 3241 Water Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.


# PULLIAM IS DEAD

## Head of National Baseball League Kills Himself in New York.

New York, July 29.—Harry Pulliam, president of the National League of professional baseball clubs, died at 8:10 today after shooting himself through the head in his room in the New York Athletic club last night.

Although a bullet from his revolver passed entirely through his head, severing both optic nerves and causing instant blindness, Mr. Pulliam lived from 9:30 last night until this morning. He became unconscious soon after the shooting was discovered and was unable to make any statement as to his reason for committing suicide, but it is generally attributed to ill health.

During the friction in the National league Mr. Pulliam showed great nervousness and his peculiar behavior worried his friends, who sent him south for a rest. He seemed to have improved, but the manner of his death indicated that his mental condition had not permanently changed.

**His Fall Throws Signal.**

Mr. Pulliam was in his office yesterday, attending to the business of the league and went to his room at the Athletic club last evening. At 9:30 o'clock, a signal from the telephone in his room was thrown up on the switchboard in the club rooms. The operator responded, but receiving no call, sent a messenger to ascertain the trouble.

Mr. Pulliam was found lying on the floor, dresed only in his underclothing and with a bullet wound through his head. The telephone receiver apparently had been knocked off its hook when he fell. A revolver lay on the floor, near his hand. The club's physician was summoned, but there was little he could do to relieve his patient and it was evident that death would ensue within a short time.

A coroner, who was called, attempted to obtain a statement from the dying man, but without avail. To all questions as to how he was shot, Mr. Pulliam, who was then in a semi-conscious condition, replied that he did not understand, and asked "what shot?" He soon became unconscious, but later revived a little and complained that his head ached and asked the attendants to rub it. Throughout the night Mr. Pulliam lingered in a semi-conscious condition, and died without making any statement.

**Was Born in Kentucky.**

Mr. Pulliam was born in Scottsville, Kentucky, 39 years ago, and was successively reporter and city editor of the Louisville Commercial, president of the Louisville baseball club, secretary and treasurer of the Pittsburg club, and president of the National league, to which office he was elected in 1902.

Mr. Pulliam was at one time a member of the lower house of the Kentucky legislature. It is thought here that the body will be taken to Louisville and interred beside those of his father and mother at Cave Hill. George W. Cain, his brother-in-law, who left Nashville this morning for New York, is expected to make the funeral arrangements.

# QUAKE HAVOC IS VAST

## Central Mexico Shaken From Coast to Coast.

Mexico City, July 31.—With Chilpancingo destroyed and Acapulco partly razed and the loss of life unknown, Central Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Queretaro on the north to Oaxaca on the south, an area of more than 1,000 square miles, was shaken early yesterday by a series of the most severe earth shocks felt in the region for the last quarter of a century.

The quake was severe in Mexico City, but not prolific in destruction.

Reports telling of the loss of life are meager, but the official figures thus far given show thirteen killed and more than a score mortally injured.

**Shock Tolls Bells.**

According to the observatory records, the first shock of the series was felt at 4:15, the rocking oscillation being from the east to the southwest. It caused the bells of the many cathedrals of Mexico City to toll, broke crockery and in some instances leveled walls.

The inhabitants of the capital had hardly recovered from the fright occasioned by the quake when a second and more severe shock caused an outpouring of nearly all of the residents to the streets and open plazas.

This movement was of a twisting character, and lasted, with marked severity, for ninety second. The tall buildings of the capital swayed and in some instances cracked, the pavement opened in places and in the poorer quarters a number of houses collapsed.

So far as can be learned six persons lost their lives in Mexico City and its environs as a result of this second shock. Four persons are now in hospitals and cannot recover. The large American colony escaped unscathed.

**Peons In Panic.**

The peons were terribly frightened. For days these humble folk have been predicting a disaster, because the snow on the peak of the volcano Popocatapeti, visible from the city, has been melting. An old Aztec legend declares that when the snows on this volcano disappear so too will the city at its base.

The property damage in Mexico City is slight. Some of the cathedral walls were cracked and scores of adobe walls were sent to the ground, but the main business part of the capital showed no signs of the severe shaking.

## TRAIN PLUNGES INTO DITCH

### Many Are Hurt in Wreck of Overland Limited.

Des Moine, Ia., July 31.—The overland limited on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul went into the ditch going at the rate of sixty miles an hour at 2:30 o'clock this morning in the yards at Cambridge.

J. B. Hanson, mail clerk, and a passenger whose name could not be learned, were seriously hurt. Twenty others were cut and bruised. The accident was due to a broken rail. Only a Pullman and an observation car remained on the track.

## EDWARD CUDAHY TO WED

### Youth Kidnaped by Crowe to Marry Frisco Girl.

Omaha, July 28.—Announcement is made of the engagement of Edward I. Cudahy, son of the millionaire packer, to Miss Leonora Brewer, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Brewer, of San Francisco. Cudahy was at one time kidnaped by Pat Crowe, of Chicago.

# MARTIAL LAW DECLARED

## People Rise in Wrath Against Bloody War Amidst African Mountains.

Madrid, July 28.—Dispatches from Melilla, where the Spanish garrison is beseiged by the Moors, state that the Spanish batteries are ceaselessly bombarding the camps of the Kabyle tribesmen, at the foot of Mount Guruga. Several of the camps have been burned, but it is the consensus of opinion here that until the Moors are dislodged from Mount Guruga, which is 3,000 feet high and dominates the entire peninsula, the Spanish positions around Melilla will be constantly threatened. No movement of this magnitude can be made until at least 25,000 men are available.

The Moors ambushed a Spanish column in the Alfer ravine, killing and wounding 400 men. The shattered fragments of the column only escaped under the protection of the Spanish gunboat Martin Alonzo Pinzon and the Melilla forts, which fired 2,000 rounds.

**Commander Is Unpopular.**

General Marina, commander of the Spanish troops in Morocco, is described as being extremely unpopular with his men. The camps at Sidi Mura and Mount Atalayou, where the Spanish dead were interred where they fell, are threatened with epidemic. There are no adequate facilities for caring for the wounded. A theatre has been converted into a hospital.

The death of Lieutenant Colonel Hanezmarin on July 13 in an engagement around Malilla, was most dramatic. The Spanish regiment was decimated. Hanezmarin was wounded and he ordered a sergeant to finish him in order to prevent his falling into the hands of the Moors to be tortured. The sergeant obeyed the order. He closed his eyes and sent a bullet into his colonel's heart.

**Losses Are Heavy.**

Estimates of the Spanish losses have been raised to 400 killed or wounded. The mountain passes are filled with the bodies of Moors, over which jackals and birds of prey fight. According to advices received here the tribesmen are armed with rifles of the latest pattern and have plenty of ammunition, idicating that a huge contraband trade has been going on.

While conditions at the front are critical the situation at home is growing more serious. Dispatches from Barcelona state that the Almansa regiment arrived from Tarragona this morning to reinforce the garrison. The military authorities have closed the "House of the People," which was the headquarters of the rioters. No newspapers were published today. The city is quieter, but the people are intensely excited.

Upon recipt of the dispatches from Barcelona King Alfonso, who was at San Sebastian, hurriedly left for Madrid. It is rumored that the Maura ministry will resign in favor of a military cabinet, as the movement at Barcelona is regarded as being clearly revolutionary.

**Anarchists Lead Riots.**

The notorious anarchists Cardenal and Herreros are represented as being the leaders in the rioting at Barcelona, which was accompanied by incendiarism and the destruction of property. The convent of Merastas was taken by assault and the church of St. Paul and the Congregational schools of St. Antoine were burned. The captain general and his staff were fired upon as they were riding through the Boulevard Paraleto.

Bands of strikers were dispatched from Barcelona to the surrounding country to destroy the railroad, with the object of preventing the arrival of troops to reinforce the Barcelona garrison. The troops from Valencia were forced to disembark at Vendrell, 17 miles from Tarragona, from where they drove the strikers before them.

The events in Catalonia province have caused some reaction in public opinion. The conservative newspapers of Madrid protest against the revolution, while the country is fighting to maintain its honor on foreign soil, and they appeal to the public to sink political differences and support the government in the vigorous repression of anarchy and sedition at Barcelona.

**Takes Vigorous Action.**

The king's proclamation of martial law throughout the country followed his arrival from San Sebastian this morning, from which point he had been summoned by Premier Maura. The official dispatches of the night had continued to show an alarming condition of affairs at Barcelona and neighboring towns in Catalonia.

The latest reports from Barcelona show the condition there increasingly grave. The rioters have attacked the convent of the Little Sisters of the Poor. This followed the riotous disorders when the mob assaulted and then burned several of the religious establishments.

New disorders are now reported from two other interior points, Alfol and Rioja. This shows that the zone of popular agitation is spreading beyond the turbulent Catalonians and is affecting the Valencians.

## BROTHERS DIE SAME WEEK

### Old New York Brokers Pass Away Few Days Apart.

New York, July 31.—Like a clock ticking in the house of death after the mourners have departed, the stock tape kept running out all day yesterday from its glass globe in the office of F. W. Gilley & Co., 1 Nassau street. Death had put an end to one of the oldest and most conservative houses "in the street" by taking within four days the two aged brothers who composed it.

F. W. Gilley, seventy, senior member of the firm, treasurer of the New York Stock Exchange and a trustee of the exchange gratuity fund, died Sunday of heart disease at his home, 1500 Madison avenue.

His brother, F. S. Gilley, died yesterday at Asbury Park from injuries received the evening before when an attack of vertigo caused him to fall from a trolley car.

## SEEKS SAFETY OF SHIPS

### New Orders Provide for Separate Water Feed for Boilers.

Washington, August 2.—All American steamship companies are directed to equip the boilers of their vessels with independent water feed by October 31 next, in a decision by Assistant Secretary McHarg, of the department of commerce and labor. If, at the time indicated, such vessels are not so equipped the companies affected will have their licenses revoked.

It is pointed out that the proposed decision is in keeping with the most advanced regulations of other nations and will reduce to a minimum the danger of explosions on vessels. To equip all steamships coming within the provisions of the rules and regulations of the steamship inspection service will cost about $300,000. The decision upholds over the protest of the steamship lines effected, the new rules and regulations looking to the security of life and property.

# 3,000 SOLDIERS KILLED

## *Army Is Driven Back on Melilla, Where Desperate Conflict Is Continued in Streets of the City.*

Madrid, July 29.—Official dispatches received here today admit that the battle between the Moorish tribesmen and the Spanish forces outside of Melilla July 27, was a disastrous defeat. The Moors cut off the communications with the Spanish outposts and the main force of the Spaniards was driven back under the walls of the city, where fighting continued desperately, in the city.

The Spanish killed and wounded number almost three thousand, which takes no account of the men at the advance posts, who evidently were cut off and abandoned to their fate. Melilla is full of wounded men.

**Cerbere, July 29. — Spanish couriers arriving here today report that artillery is battering the barricades behind which the insurgents are desperately fighting in Barcelona.**

**Heavy fighting is now in progress on the Rambla, in San Anne square and the Calle Del Epino. The gutters are running with blood. The number of dead and wounded cannot be estimated.**

**Five convents and several private residences have been burned at Llanza.**

Madrid, July 29.—In view of the grave situation at Barcelona, which is steadily growing more serious, the complete mobilization of the Spanish army has been ordered. All officers on leave have been recalled. The reserves of all classes have been summoned to the colors.

The railroad lines in the north of Spain are strictly guarded and no one is allowed to enter Spain without the permission of the military authority. The family is hastily returning to Madrid from San Sebastian. It is reported that Premier Maura has tendered his resignation, but that King Alfonso has declined to accept it.

While the country is fast sweeping toward a revolution, the government is forced to admit a crushing defeat in Morocco. The extent of the engagement was at first minimized in an effort to pacify the public, and dispatches concerning the battle were rigorously censored. Early reports gave the losses at a few hundred. The official admission today that the killed and wounded reached 2,500 or 3,000 gives the battle the importance of real warfare, the casualties being far greater than in any engagement during the Spanish-American war, and exceeding some of the most stubborn fights of the Russo-Japanese war.

The extent of the disaster is plainly apparent from General Maurina's dispatch, as given out at the war office today. He says:

"On July 27 the Moors cut the railroad, severing communications with our outposts. Our batteries shelled the Moors, but the advance posts were endangered and they had to be abandoned. The situation at Melilla is grave, despite the desperate bravery of the troops, who are now fighting under the walls of the city.

"Our losses in the engagement were General Pintos, a colonel, two lieutenant colonels, five captains, many officers and subalterns and about 1,000 men. The wounded number at last 1,500, including many officers. The hippodrome is full of wounded soldiers. Two generals were mortally wounded."

The Moors, flushed with their victory, are now advancing to attack the Spaniards at another strategic point, Alhucemas. The latest dispatches indicate that Melilla is so pressed by the Moorish forces that its safety is in danger and its capitulation to the Moors would not cause surprise.

## ARMY BEGINS ATTACK ON ANOTHER SPANISH FORTRESS

Alhucemas, July 29.—An army of six thousand Moors is now attacking this place, a small island fortress and prison settlement belonging to Spain and situated in the Mediterranean five miles southeast of Cape Morro. The Spanish forts have opened fire as the Moorish army advances.

## CANNON SWEEP THE STREETS KILLING SCORES OF RIOTERS

Biarritz, Near Spanish Frontier, July 29.—The desperate condition of affairs at Barcelona is shown in reports received here of the disturbed city. These show that the revolutionary element holds the upper hand. The government troops, finding themselves insufficient to retake the revolutionary stronghold, have been forced to abandon several quarters, leaving the revolutionists in control.

The streets of the city are barricaded with huge piles of stone and earth. Furniture and planks are heaped in these barricades to the height of the first stories.

The arrival of reinforcements, so urgently needed by the government forces, is retarded by the destruction of railroads and the avenues of communication leading to the city. The revolutionists are armed with muskets, knives and revolvers. They have an effective organization and hospital equipment.

With the arrival of a regiment of reinforcements, which the government succeeded in getting through yesterday, the inhabitants were notified to keep within doors for the succeeding fourteen hours. The peaceably disposed heeded this warning, while the artillery of the government forces raked the streets where barricades had been erected, causing great havoc among them and in some cases demolishing them.

The government is seeking to relieve the city by sea, now that the land communication for the troops is interrupted. All available ships are being hurried to Barcelona.

Whether there is an ulterior political purpose behind the revolutionary uprising throughout Catalonia is not yet clear. Outwardly the movement is thus far a protest against the war in Morocco.

## TROOPS GOING TO MOROCCO LEFT PROVINCES UNGUARDED

London, July 29.—News reaching this city by way of Biarritz discloses the difficulties with which the Spanish government is confronted in dealing with the disorders in Catalonia and the other disturbed provinces while carrying on a war in Morocco. Catalonia's garrison have been drawn upon for service in Morocco until the total number of troops in this province, always the hotbed of revolutionary propaganda, number but 6,000 men, divided into small detachments located far apart. To prevent reinforcement of the military, the revolutionists, who have succeeded in effecting co-operation of the working men's organizations, have torn up miles of railway tracks between Madrid and Barcelona, cut trenches across the railway embankments in the country districts, and destroyed many bridges and viaducts.

Fierce engagements are in progress in Barcelona. The artillery has been used against the barricades, but the troops have made little progress in quelling the revolt.

The government forces, failing to make headway, have been obliged to act on the defensive, attacking only when absolutely compelled by the menacing position of the revolutionists. The law-abiding element is under orders to remain indoors.

The terror-stricken people are fleeing from the larger towns to the open country, and the small villages, where there is less exposure to danger.

The situation is complicated by the spread of the general strike ordered by the labor organizations of Barcelona two days ago. The indications are that the strike will spread to the provinces of Lerida, Gerona and Tarragona, but no definite news has been received from these points.

A special dispatch from Gibraltar says all Spanish batteries stationed in that vicinity have received hurry orders to embark at once for Melilla. The embarkation of the troops is now proceeding and it is expected that large numbers will leave in the course of the day.

More than one hundred wounded Spaniards were landed this morning and taken to hospital.

## EUROPE CONSIDERS REVOLT WORSE THAN MOROCCAN WAR

Paris, July 29.—The internal insurrection in Spain now completely overshadows the war in Africa in the eyes of Europe. Although official dispatches received here from Madrid predict an early restoration of order in the province of Catalonia, grave fear is entertained. The decision of Premier Maura's cabinet, yesterday, to place the country under martial law and employ the army to repress the revolt in Catalonia as an alternative to convoking parliament, may provoke an extension of the insurrection which would endanger the dynasty.

Preparations now being made in Madrid to quell the disturbances include the dispatch to Catalonia of the entire Third and Fourth army corps and the Madrid cavalry brigade, under command of Prince Charles, of Bourbon, who was about to leave for Melilla. Prince Ferdinand, of Bavaria, is one of the squadron commanders of this brigade.

The scale upon which the military intervention is planned proves that the government entertains no illusions about halfway measures and is ready to take the responsibility of putting down the revolt ruthlessly as a warning for the future.

# TO RENEW ATTACK

## Spanish General at Melilla Gets Ready for Big Battle.

Paris, July 31.—The Matin's correspondent, who has just arrived at Melilla, Morocco, telegraphs that General Marina, commander of the Spanish forces on the Riff coast, says he can easily hold his position until the arrival of reinforcements, when he again will take the offensive.

The correspondent says that the Spanish force is composed of 17,500 men, which will be brought up to 23,500 when General Perrero's brigade arrives, and a total of 48 guns, including two batteries of sixty millometre guns and six mountain batteries.

He declares it is impossible to even estimate the losses sustained by the Spaniards in the big battle of July 27, as the dead were not identified and were buried in common trenches on the field. About 800 wounded men were counted as they were being brought into Melilla on stretchers. Many soldiers were reported "missing." Out of one company composed of 300 men only 23 reported after the battle.

The correspondent was struck by the apparent indifference of the people of Melilla. General Marina did not attend the funeral of General Pintos, whose body was followed to the grave by less than one hundred persons.

**All Reserves Called Out.**

San Sebastian, July 31.—The entire army is being placed on a war footing. The recruits and the reserves of every class have been called out.

In spite of the reports from Madrid direct reliable private reports from Barcelona say the revolutionists still hold much of the city, and that the artillery has been unable to dislodge them.

**Moors Are Bombarded.**

Melilla, July 31.—The night, except for the intermittent bombardment of the Moorish positions by the Spanish gunboat Martin Alonzo Pinzon, was quiet. Two battalions of chasseurs have arrived here. The wounded are being put on board the steamer Puerto Rico, bound for Malaga.

**Army Corp at Bilbao.**

San Sebastian, July 31.—Commander Burgos and an army corps has arrived at Bilbao, capital of the province of Biscay, to suppress the general strike which has been announced for Monday. There is much excitement in the Basque provinces, where many hope the revolutionists will succeed.

**Refugees Create Disorder.**

Hendaye, July 31.—Spanish refugees here made violent manifestations during the night. The Spanish consul attempted to intervene, but he was howled down. Afterwards the crowds were dispersed by French gendarmes.

The French government has taken measures to compel Spanish refugees to leave the frontier, so as to prevent the possible organization of an expedition from French territory.

# CRUSH REVOLT IN BARCELONA

**BULLETIN.**

**(By Associated Press.)**

**London, July 30.—For several days a rumor has been in circulation that Queen Victoria of Spain has fled and that King Alfonso is in danger of imprisonment. This morning a minor news organization exploited the story, which has been investigated and found without foundation.**

Madrid, July 30.—The captain general of Barcelona has telegraphed to the general staff at Madrid that the revolutionists have surrendered and that he is now the master of the situation. The number of victims as a result of the fighting in the streets is very high. Twenty-three buildings were destroyed by the artillery. The leaders of the rebels are now being tried by military court martial and summarily executed. There is no train service between Barcelona and Madrid.

Madrid, July 30.—Special dispatches received here shortly after noon today from Melilla say that the Spanish cruiser Numancia is now shelling the heights of Mount Guruga, which is swarming with Moors.

Ceuta, July 30.—The natives in the region surrounding this seaport are preparing to join their fighting brethren on the heights before Melilla. A holy war is being preached from Ceuta to Moulmuga and the whole country is aflame with fanaticism. The position of the Moors on Mount Guruga, where 30,000 warriors are concentrated, is considered here to be impregnable.

**Gather for New Attack.**

**Melilla, July 30.—The Moors have withdrawn from the outskirts of this city. It is believed they are concentrating for a new effort. They burned hundreds of their dead, whom they were unable to carry off.**

**After the tribesmen had retired the sad work of burying the Spanish dead, which already were rotting in the sun, was hurriedly accomplished in the ravine where two columns of Spanish troops were ambushed while trying to rescue a convoy. The ground was covered with heaps of dead soldiers, many of whom were mutilated after death. The bodies had been stripped of their arms. In order to prevent an epidemic the bodies were dumped into holes.**

**The steamer Mouilla has arrived here with hundreds of tons of shells for the artillery and cartridges for the soldiers, whose ammunition was running low.**

**Barcelona Riots Quelled.**

**Madrid, July 30.—The news from Barcelona that the cavalry and troops have gained the upper hand and captured the main bodies of insurgents and that only isolated bands are holding out in the suburbs, creates the greatest relief in official circles here. The work of repression will rapidly be followed up throughout the Catalonian captaincy-general.**

**Late last night it was officially announced that the cavalry engaged at Barcelona had succeeded in driving into St. Martin's square the principal band of revolutionists, against whom the artillery opened fire. After fighting desperately and successfully for a long time the revolutionists were surrounded. Many persons were killed in the fighting and the survivors surrendered to the troops.**

**Fear Rising of Carlists.**

Bilboa, July 30.—The authorities of Bilboa are greatly disturbed. They fear that Don Jaim, who recently succeeded his father as leader of the Carlists, will take advantage of the situation and create a rising of his followers in northern Spain, where the Carlists have a political military organization under command of Marquis Corralbo.

**Many Troops Preserve Order.**

Madrid, July 31.—Official dispatches from Barcelona, dated today, say the 8,000 troops in Barcelona have improved the conditions in the city. The complete restoration of order is expected when further reinforcements arrive there.

**Take Away Their Dead.**

Alhucemas, July 31.—The resumption of fighting between the Moors and the Spanish force here yesterday consisted of the shelling of the tribesmen who returned to carry off their dead and wounded left on the field during the previous day's fighting.

## CHURCHES AND CONVENTS ARE BURNED BY FURIOUS REBELS

Cerbere, July 30.—All the reports received here from Spain confirm the terrible fury of the women throughout Catalona. At Barcelona they fought behind the barricades with the men, urging them to fight to the death. Everywhere they resisted searches by gendarmes for recruits for the reserves, barring the doors of their houses and firing at the soldiers from the windows. At Casa de la Salva the population surrounded and disarmed the civil guard and locked up the officials in the barracks.

Not only at Barcelona, but throughout the province, church property was the special object of the popular fury. Horrible stories are recounted of the merciless fashion in which the churches and convents were sacked and burned. The inmates of the institutions were driven into the fields to cries of "Down with the church!" At Granollers, sixteen miles from Barcelona, two convents were burned. At Amer, the Carmelite convent was looted and burned. The sisters narrowly escaped with their lives.

The Madrid authorities fear the arrival of Alejandro Leroux, in Spain, who is on his way to Europe from Brazil, to place himself at the head of the revolution. He holds the workmen's organizations in the hollow of his hand. While a member of the Cortes, in 1903, Senor Leroux broke with the party, because it joined with the Catalonian solidarists, which included the Carlists, whom he opposed on the ground that they stood for the maintenance of a monarchist regime and clerical reaction. Last year, after a series of bitter articles against the government, he was condemned to two years imprisonment, but fled to Brazil. Despite his condemnation of the Republicans he was re-elected to parliament at the last election and is now on his way home again to assume leadership. The government has issued orders that he be arrested immediately on landing on Spanish soil.

## FRENCH PAPERS URGE EUROPE TO UNITE AGAINST MOORS

Paris, July 30.—The news of the terrible defeat inflicted on the Spanish forces by Moors at Melilla and the confirmation of the extent of the insurrection in Spain causes apprehension here. The triumph of the Moors in the Riff country perhaps will inflame all Islam and lead to an uprising in Algeria and the Soudan. The attack upon French troops at Colomb-Bechar the other day is now regarded here as a direct result of the events on the Riff coast. Some of the Paris newspapers therefore, boldly suggest that in self-defense it is the duty of Europe to come to the rescue.

The Eclair says it is impossible for Europe to bow before the insolent triumphant Moors, and that Christian civilization cannot afford to allow Spain to be beaten. On the other hand many newspapers declare that the Melilla disaster recalls the muddle and incapacity of every department in the Spanish government during the Cuban war. These newspapers advise the government at Madrid to make a virtue of necessity by promptly ending the adventure, as otherwise it will put an end to the Spanish government.

The Marquis Del Muni, the Spanish ambassador at Paris, has transmitted a note to the French government, formally declaring that the Riff campaign was not undertaken with the object of conquest, but solely to punish the Moors for their attack on Spaniards and their affront to the Melilla garrison.

The Spanish ambassador in an interview today attributes the upheaval at Barcelona solely to the anarchists, and he is confident that it will be promptly suppressed. He explains that the government intends to satisfy the popular demand regarding obligatory military service and that it has already introduced a bill in the senate for that purpose.

## HELPLESS PRIESTS AND NUNS VICTIM'S OF MOB'S FURY

Paris, July 31.—Although all the direct dispatches received from Madrid, which pass through the hands of a censor, agree that General Brandos, the military commander at Barcelona, has ruthlessly crushed the revolt there, executing many ringleaders, and that the government is now in control of the situation, reports filtering out at Cerbere, on the French frontier, none of which, however, were later than noon on July 28, indicate that the mob until then had the upper hand and that nothing in history, with the exception of the Paris commune, approached the ferocious drama being enacted.

In the tales brought out from Spain much remains obscure, but all the reports agree that the movement was skilfully organized and broke like a bolt from a clear sky. Three facts stand out prominently. First, the troops in the earliest stages refused to fire on the mob, either because they were numerically inferior or because they were in sympathy with the mob; second, the movement was distinctly revolutionary and anti-clerical, and third, the fury of the mob was vented almost entirely against the church and its representatives, private property being generally spared.

Eye witnesses saw the populace everywhere acclaiming the troops while cursing and fighting the police and the civil guard, and the cries were "down with the government!"

The stories of the ferocity of the mob toward church property and the priests, monks and nuns are incredible. The monks who could not escape through the subterranean passages in the monasteries were beaten and killed. The nuns fleeing from the burning convent were driven half naked through the streets, and the priests, it is reported, were shot at the steps of the altar. It is even stated that the mangled bodies of monks were carried on poles through the streets by 10,000 people, and that the captain-general was helpless to interfere.

The many reports agree that the revolutionary committee directed everything. Notwithstanding this anti-clerical ferocity, other reports intimate that the Carlists, who stand for clerical reaction in Spain, had a hand in the organization of the uprising.

Special dispatches from Barcelona say the situation there continues to improve. The troops have dispersed rioters who were seeking to relight the ruins of the convents. The barricades near the Saraleto hospital, a strong revolutionary rallying point, have been leveled by the cannon. Eight thousand men have arrived to reinforce the Barcelona garrison.

The French consul at Port Bou, a village on the Mediterranean sea immediately south of the French boundary, reports that the railroad service has been resumed between Port Bou and Gerona, but that communication to Barcelona is still out. The consul says he does not believe that the movement is anti-governmental or anarchistic, but that it is purely anti-clerical.

The Madrid correspondent of the Figaro had an interview with Senor Lacierva, the Spanish minister of the interior, in which the minister said: "The insurrection at Barcelona was of terrible gravity. I don't know if since the commune there has been anything so terrible—the battle in the streets with cannon, incendiarism, the pillage of convents, explosion of dynamite, and the destruction of the railroad—nothing was missing."

The Figaro's Madrid correspondent declares that those who understand how critical the situation was at Barcelona applaud the action of the government. If the Liberals had been in power, the correspondent says, they would have resigned in favor of a military cabinet, and the insurrection at Barcelona undoubtedly has strengthened the position of the government in the rest of Spain, as those who were the most severe critics of the expedition to Melilla and the loudest in the denunciation of the incapacity displayed by the officers, rallied to the side of the government when they saw the country in peril. The opinion is unanimous, according to the correspondent, that the screws must be mercilessly applied in Catalonia.

## DOG IS A MURDER WITNESS

### Shows Wounds at Trial of Master's Assailants.

Chicago, July 31.—A savage looking bull terrier testified in a murder trial here. The dog was the only witness to a brutal attack on his master, Gustav S. Doering, who died in the hospital April 2.

Doering had been beaten with bottles, it is alleged, by Walter Towner and Thomas Rourke. The dog fought the assailants, receiving its share of cuts in the affray. When Doering was found unconscious the morning after the fight the dog was at his side, bleeding from a half dozen wounds.

Part of the defense was that Doering had died, not from his wounds but from an operation performed at the hospital. The dog was brought into court to show that the wounds inflicted on it were of the same sort as those on Doering.


## TOLD TO USE CUTICURA

After Specialist Failed to Cure Her Intense Itching Eczema — Had Been Tortured and Disfigured, but

**SOON CURED OF DREAD HUMOR**

"I contracted eczema and suffered intensely for about ten months. At times I thought I would scratch myself to pieces. My face and arms were covered with large red patches, so that I was ashamed to go out. I was advised to go to a doctor who was a specialist in skin diseases, but I received very little relief. I tried every known remedy, with the same results. I thought I would never get better until a friend of mine told me to try the Cuticura Remedies. So I tried them, and after four or five applications of Cuticura Ointment I was relieved of my unbearable itching. I used two sets of the Cuticura Remedies, and I am completely cured. Miss Barbara Kral, Highlandtown, Md., Jan. 9, '08."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.


# GIRLS TO TILL SOIL

## Group of Seamstresses From Chicago to Buy 160 Acre Farm.

Chicago, July 31.

"Work! Work! Work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work! Work! Work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam and gusset and band,
Band and guesset and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!"

The world moves. Times have changed since Thomas Hood wrote The Song of the Shirt. That is why a group of Chicago seamstresses were able to deputize Miss Glenna Lynch in Wendell, Ida., to perform the final formalities in the purchase of a 160-acre fruit farm which they have bought with their earnings. If all goes well—and the seamstresses know of no reason why it should not—a few weeks will see them delivered from the bondage of the eternally reiterated "band and gusset and seam," for they propose to leave their work here and go out to Wendell, where they will form a little fruit raising colony and bring true the dream of Hood's seamstress who sighed:

"Oh, but to breathe the breath
of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!"

**The Idaho Guild.**

The young women call themselves "The Idaho Guild." They banded together a year ago with the agricultural project in view. They secured 160 acres of government irrigated land, have now made their last payment, and Miss Lynch will go through the final formalities necessary to acquire title to the land.

Among the prospective farmers, in addition to Miss Lynch, are the Misses Adelaide Jackson, Marie Miller, Helen Miller, Laura Hunt and Maud Lynch.

Most of them are employed as seamstresses in the city and became enthusiastic over the idea of investing in irrigated land at meetings of the Dressmakers' Art club.

The Idaho Guild was launched with eight members, but a few others have since become imbued with agricultural enthusiasm and have contributed from their earnings to the land fund.

**Will Look Over Country.**

Miss Lynch intends not only to view the 160-acre tract of the Idaho Guild and determine the future plans of her fellow members, but also to make a study of the western country, particularly in the irrigated regions, and of the opportunities for women to take up farming as an occupation. She will be gone six weeks.

The land the Chicago women have secured is especially adapted for fruit raising, but whether this will be the branch of agriculture pursued will depend upon the investigations of Miss Lynch.

"We came to the conclusion a year ago that the irrigated farms of the west offered a field of work for women and our beliefs have not been shaken," said Miss Lynch last night. "I expect to find out whether it is really practical for women to go west and personally take charge of operations, and if I find it is most of us are going out."

A farewell entertainment has been planned for Miss Lynch by the Dressmakers' Art club and Idaho Guild at the rooms of the Artcraft Institute in the McClurg building. She will be presented a silver toilet set as an evidence of the esteem of her associates.

# MAKES BEST FLIGHT

## Zeppelin Travels 220 Miles in Airship.

Frankfort, July 31.—The dirigible balloon Zeppelin II., steered by Count Zeppelin himself, descended here safely between 2 and 3 o'clock this afternoon, after having sailed from Friedrichshafen, a distance of about 220 miles, at an average speed of 21 miles an hour. Half of the time the flight was made against strong head winds.

Almost the whole population of the city was in the streets or on the Air Navigation exposition grounds to receive Count Zeppelin, and loud cheering, band playing and factory whistling began when the air ship was sighted at a height of 900 yards, coming at a forty-mile rate.

The balloon circled above the city, displaying the ease with which she answered her rudders, and then descended lightly into a wire enclosure guarded by two regiments of infantry, while 100,000 people or more outside the barriers yelled like mad and two batteries of artillery saluted.

The performance today, while not so far as the trip from Friedrichshafen to Bittfeld and return, which the count made a couple of months ago, was the most successful flight yet made, as no accident happened and the craft overcame the strong wind which prevented progress at one time for twenty-five minutes, although the propellers were going at a rate which otherwise would have driven the vessel forty miles an hour.

## AMERICANS ARE COMING HOME

### Liners Bringing Heavy Loads From Europe.

New York, July 31.—The tide of ocean travel is now changing and the great crowds of Americans

# ASK $25,000 RANSOM

## Go to Place Appointed in Letter, but Don't Find Abductors.

St. Louis, Mo., August 3.—Grace Viviano, five years old, and Thomas Viviano, three years old, have been kidnaped from the home of their wealthy parents in the Italian colony. Shortly after the children disappeared, a letter demanding $25,000 ransom was delivered to the father of the children, Pietro Viviano, and a cousin of the same name. The Vivianos are manufacturers of spaghetti and live in the same building.

The police are searching for Samuel Turissi, an employe of the Viviano cousins. He is said to have been seen with the children shortly before they disappeared from their home neighborhood and playmates said that Turrisi offered to buy ice cream for the Viviano children.

"The children are with me and are safe," read the letter, "and they will be safe if you send the $25,000 to Wellston." The missive was signed "Baska Chinsa" (close mouth). Wellston is a suburb of St. Louis.

Last night the father of the children went to the place designated, carrying a satchel and guarded by detectives. None of the abductors appeared, and the attempt to solve the case was given up for the night.

Several threatening letters have been received by the Vivianos, and a grocery owned by the cousins has twice been damaged by explosives.

The Vivianos are natives of Palermo, Sicily. Turrisi came from the same city six months ago, and was in Pittsburg before coming to St. Louis.

## DIED IN MAKING PICTURES

### Messman in Navy Fatally Hurt Boxing Before Machine.

Provincetown, Mass., August 3.—"It was not a prize fight or a boxing bout, but an exhibition for a moving picture machine," said Admiral Seaton Schroeder today, in reference to the death of Hanson H. Foster, a colored messman on board of the battleship Vermont last night.

A committee of officer was appointed this morning to make an investigation and report the facts of the case, together with the result of the autopsy, to the officials at Washington.

Those who saw the exhibition say that the men went six rounds and then, as prearranged, Foster took the count. That was Friday evening. The next morning the messman complained of pains in his head and was taken to the sick bay. The autopsy revealed that Foster died of cerebral hemorrhage caused by a blow or fall.

## PLANS BETTER TORPEDOES

### England's Navy to Have New Type of Missile.

London, August 3.—The government is about to begin the manufacture of new torpedoes that are said to be a great improvement over the existing type. These instruments will have a speed of about thirty knots an hour and a range of five miles. They will be used principally from submerged tubes on battleships and cruisers.

## IS JUST $50,000 SHORT

### Cashier of Mills Says It Is Only a Mistake.

Anderson, S. C., August 3.—Calhoun Harris, secretary and assistant cashier of the Orr Cotton Mills here, was arrested today charged with breach of trust. Expert accountants who are going over his books announced that $50,000 was missing. Harris, who is socially prominent, says the apparent shortage will be found due to clerical errors.

## MAKES HIS FLOCK BLUSH

### Preacher Tells Story of His Privations.

Hamilton, August 3.—Rev. G. Spencer, pastor of the Methodist church at Westchester, last night told an astonishing story to the congregation. He said in part: "Because of the way you have treated me I have had to live on butterless bread and water for days at a time. I went eight weeks without receiving a penny from you. For three days, when my wife lay in bed with her newly born babe, I went without a bite so that she might get nourishment to keep her child alive with bread and ten, all we had left to eat. Owing to your treatment my wife's mind temporarily gave way and she would now be an inmate of an asylum had I not made a study of medicine.

"In 12 weeks I received but $14 salary from you, which was long overdue. You neglect me; you know this—you men, all aware of my condition, yet you seemed to think that I could live on wind."

His story stirred the gossips of the little town today, and the higher authorities of the church will make an investigation at once.


# Receipt That Cures Weak Men -- Free

**Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.**

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.


# MOVED BY NATION'S WOE

## Pretender to the Spanish Throne Won't Aid Rebellion.

**BULLETIN.**

**Hendaye, France, August 3.—El Mondo, a newspaper of Madrid, received here today places the number of killed at Barcelona during the rioting of last week at 2,000 and the wounded at 2,500.**

Vienna, August 3.—Don Jaime, the pretender to the Spanish throne, declared in an interview here that he had no intention of interfering in the present crisis in Spain, and that his retirement to Frohsdorf in Lower Austria, far from the Spanish frontier, was proof of his peaceful purposes.

"The Carlist party is a party of order," said Don Jaime. "I never will take upon myself to bring an entire people into danger for my own ends. Never will I lead Spaniard against Spaniard. Should I return to Spain at the head of an army it would be only to restore order. This might happen should the revolutionaries drive out King Alfonso, or the welfare of the country require it.

"The popularity of King Alfonso is declining through no fault of his own, and Queen Victoria is certainly less liked than the king. Spaniards dread foreign influence; Victoria has remained a stranger too long, and the people never will forgive her."

Don Jaime is of the opinion that the war in Morocco was unavoidable, and he fears that it will last a long time.

**Troops Move on Sabadell.**

Madrid, August 3.—Tranquility now reigns throughout Spain, except in certain isolated localities of Catalonia, according to an announcement made early today by the minister of the interior.

A column of troops, composed of artillery, cavalry and infantry, is today marching on Sabadell, ten miles from Barcelona, where the insurgents are still holding out, with orders to repress mercilessly any resistance that may be encountered.

**Moors Gather for Attack.**

Melilla, August 3.—A large force of Moors, comprising contingents from the coast and inland tribes, are today gatherin in front of Alheucemas, the island fortress and prison settlement belonging to Spain, on the east coast of Morocco, evidently in preparation for an attack.

The Moors last night attacked a blockhouse in course of construction. They were repulsed by the Spaniards, who had one officer killed and fourteen men wounded.

# CALL THAW CRAZY

## Experts Admit They Have Not Reached Full Conclusion.

White Plains, N. Y., August 3.—Justice Isaac N. Mills again stepped into the examiner's case at today's session of the Thaw sanity hearing and from Dr. Amos T. Baker, acting superintendent of the Matteawan asylum, obtained the clearest statement yet expressed on the stand at the present proceedings regarding the mental condition of the slayer of Stanford White.

The result of his questioning might be claimed as an advantage by either side. The witness said that he did not consider the opportunities he had to examine the prisoner sufficient to permit him to form a satisfactory conclusion, nevertheless he declared his belief that the prisoner was now insane and that his release would be a menace to public safety.

**Considers Him Unbiased.**

Justice Mills began with the observation that he considered Dr. Baker an extremely important witness, since he was a state officer and therefore supposedly free from bias.

"What is your position?" he asked. "Is it that you have reached from your study of this case and observation of the man a full and firm conviction that he is insane, or is it that you have not had sufficient opportunities to study that problem and reach such a conclusion, one way or the other?"

"We have had a limited examination, from which we consider the man insane," replied Dr. Baker.

"Do you consider that limited examination sufficient to reach a full, firm conclusion as to his condition?"

"No, sir."

"You had him under observation eleven months. I don't understand why that was not sufficient."

"He hasn't answered our questions."

"Didn't your notes of the past three months cover this subject?"

"They covered it in a way, but he would speak in metaphors and when pressed would fall back upon advice of counsel.'"

**Recalled Similar Scene.**

Justice Mills recalled the Jennie Burch murder, in which he had directed the defendant's acquittal on the ground of insanity. After two months in the asylum she was discharged, cured and free.

"Do you notice any change in Mr. Thaw either way?" he inquired.

"No; he is no worse, no better."

"Suppose you had this man Thaw, with no previous history of the case, what would have been your position?"

"This man showed certain evidences of mental feebleness. I should have strong suspicions of him confined to the data at hand. My position is that the man is insane."

"That's enough," said Justice Mills. "And when you say he is insane you mean his being at large would be a public menace?"

"Yes, sir."

This followed Dr. Baker's examination, and then Mr. Jerome recalled Thaw.

Jerome put in evidence two letters written by Thaw, one concerning Evelyn Nesbit, and couched in such romantic language that the writer himself concluded: "I did not start to write poetry."

Jerome questioned the witness again regarding his famous "green pencil" letter, in which he compared himself to a white pencil that wrote green when a green light fell on it. White's influence being the green light. Thaw said he thought the figure such a one as a sane man would use.

The district attorney asked the witness if he had such faith in his mental soundness that he would be willing to submit to an examination by the state's alienists. Mr. Morschauser objected and Justice Mills interrupted again to say that Jerome's experts had had plenty of opportunity to study Thaw during his long examination on the stand.

When Thaw was excused recess was taken to 1:30.

# STRONG FLEET TO SAIL

## Eight Big Warships Are Going Across Pacific for Service at Manila Bay.

Washington, August 3.—As part of the government's policy to make a formidable naval showing in the Pacific ocean and strengthen the defenses of the Philippines, the armored cruiser squadron of the Pacific fleet will sail from San Francisco next month for a six month's cruise.

There is a large naval force now in Philippine waters, and when the additional vessels reach there Admiral Sebree will have under his command eight armored cruisers, five protected cruisers, eight gunboats, five torpedo boat destroyers, four submarines, two monitors, and several auxiliaries. His fleet will number more than 30 warships.

**Powerful Warships.**

This squadron consists of eight vessels, all nearly as formidable as battleships. In fact, they are fully equal to all but the newest battleships of the United States or any other navy. Two of the cruisers have a displacement of 14,500 tons, while the biggest battleships now in commission in our navy are 16,000 tons. The other six cruisers are of 13,680 tons displacement. The two larger vessels carry four 10-inch guns and sixteen 6-inch guns. The others carry four 8-inch guns and fourteen 6-inch guns. All the vessels are capable of a speed of 22 knots, two knots faster than any of the battleships yet commissioned.

The ships will visit Honolulu, Admiralty Islands, Manila, where yearly target practice will be held, and the Chinese and Japanese ports of Hong Kong, Woo-Sung, Kobe and Yokohama. Only two vessels, however, will go to the Chinese and Japanese ports, except that the whole squadron will assemble off Yokohama January 19, on which day it will start home, touching at Honolulu and reaching San Francisco February 15.

Leaving San Francisco September 5, the squadron will arrive in Honolulu September 11, where it will remain nearly a month. It will leave there October 5 for Nares Harbor, Admiralty Islands, where it will arrive October 18, remaining six days and reaching Manila November 1 for a month's stay. Returning home, Honolulu will be reached February 1 for a week's stay.

**Defenses are Strengthened.**

Rapid progress has been made on the fortifications at the entrance to Manila Bay and at Honolulu. Additional troops have been sent to both points, and by fall the defenses, while not complete, will be in shape to withstand any possible attack.

Part of the naval defense scheme at Manila provides for a strong force of submarines. Two of these vessels already are there, two more were shipped last week on the collier Caesar. Two more will be sent from the Atlantic coast before winter, and two more, building on the Pacific coast, will be shipped to the Philippines. This will give Manila eight of these efficient defenses. It also is intended to send additional torpedo boat destroyers to Manila before the winter.

Plans are well under way for the development of City Point, seven miles from San Francisco, as a general coaling station for the Pacific fleet. It will cost $200,000 and will provide for the storing of 100,000 tons of coal. It also is intended to locate oil burning stations at Honolulu and the Philippines.

This extensive program, which is being energetically pushed, shows the great importance now given to the Pacific ocean, the western coast of the country and our island possessions by the war and navy departments. The government does not intend to be caught napping.

## PRIZE BIRDS ARE TORTURED

### Wheel of Fortune Operated at Cedar Point.

Sandusky, August 3.—The Erie County Humane society, through Mrs. Fannie Everett, local humane agent, is after an Algerian operating a wheel of fortune on the Cedar Point midway. The prizes awarded, Mrs. Everett says, are canary birds or small parrots, called "Mexican parrots." The birds, after being tormented until they are almost dead, are thrown into the lake or bay.

## ZEPPELIN HAS MORE TROUBLE

### Fails in Second Effort to Leave Cologne.

Frankfort, August 3.—The airship Zeppelin II. left here today for Cologne, a distance of 110 miles, but was obliged to return on account of an accident to her machinery. She had gone but a short distance when one of her propeller blades broke and another worked loose and fell to the ground. The airship descended at the same place from whence it had started. This is the second unsuccessful attempt the airship has made to reach Cologne.

## NAME ROAD FOR ROOSEVELT

### Branch Line in Louisiana Is Seven Miles Long.

Baton Rouge, La., August 3.—Former President Roosevelt has had a railroad in Louisiana named for him. It is the Roosevelt & Western, and is seven miles in length, extending from a point on the main line of the Memphis, Helena & Louisiana railroad to Shields, La. The new road applied to the Louisiana railroad commission yesterday for approval of its rates.

## POSSE HUNTS A WHITE MAN

### Bloodhounds on Trail of Girl's Assailant.

Zanesville, O., August 3.—Sheriff Holden, of Perry county, with two blood hounds, is leading a posse today in pursuit of Charles Atrill, aged 23, white, who, it is alleged, committed a criminal assault upon Gertrude Thomas, aged 13, at Junction City, last night.

# ROAD GANGS STRIKE

## Repair Men in Pittsburg Create Disturbance.

Pittsburg, Pa., August 3.—A strike of street laborers, which has been considered a minor affair by the authorities for some days, has become widespread, and gangs of the men are parading the streets to demonstrate to other city and street railway employes the benefits of joining the demand for more wages. Steps, it is said, have been taken to form an organization among the 15,000 Italian workmen of Allegheny county, and police officers have learned of an effort to organize the foreigners into mobs and fraternal cliques.

A letter received by Mayor William Magee demands that the strikers be allowed to drill preparatory to resisting police attacks. Handbills are being distributed calling a meeting of the men for organization and numerous riot calls have been sent to police headquarters.

Many arrests have been made as a result of the disposition of the men, and more trouble is expected.

# CALLS UPON WEST

## "Throw Off the Shackles of the East," Urges Governor Johnson.

Seattle, Wash., August 3.—"It is time that the West threw off the shackles of the East. I would preach no sectional divisions and no sectional strifes, but Minnesota and Washington and the states between them, with those to the south of us, should rise in their might and claim for themselves that fair share of influence in the halls of congress and in the administration of national affairs to which they are entitled by every law of common sense as well as of political economy."

This was the declaration of Governor John Johnson in his address at the Minnesota day celebration at the Seattle exposition today.

**Hold Balance of Power.**

"We, as an integral part of the American people, should cast our influence and our votes not only to advance the material interests of our own particular section, but we should be broad enough and big enough to labor for the common good of our common country," said the governor.

"We have the states west of the Mississippi, the undoubted balance of power, no matter under what name the national administration at Washington exists. In the years that have passed our population and our material wealth have not enjoyed that representation to which they are entitled, and furthermore, our leaders have been content to follow in no small measure the leadership of men who represent relatively small constituencies and smaller commonwealths."

The speaker declared that the call of the West, among other things, was the call for patriotism and progress, for emancipation from every form of Old World and New World caste and privilege, from the tyranny of wealth and birth alike, and from the dominion of the trust and political machine.

"Fifty years of national folly in the enactment of navigation laws and high protective tariffs have crippled American shipping, until over 90 per cent of our Atlantic commerce is carried in foreign bottoms," declared Governor Johnson.

**Great Lakes at Head.**

"Notwithstanding this half century of maritime shame, the United States flag floats today over a merchant marine of about four million registered steam tonnage, which carries to the markets of the world nearly 200,000,000 tons of American products. But on what waters float the colors of this merchant marine and what freight do these American ships carry? One-half of this vessel tonnage is on the Great Lakes; while the Pacific coast, the Great Lakes, and the Mississippi combined, boast nearly 70 per cent of the total. And the freight which it carries consist of the great staple productions of the west on their way to eastern and foreign markets—the products of the great army of western yeomen, who demand no fostering hand of government and ask only for that justice and freedom to which they are entitled by natural right under the guaranty of our constitution and our flag."

## CRUISES WITH THE CZAR

### King Edward Goes Sailing With Royal Guest.

Cowes, August 3.—King Edward, accompanied by his guest, the Emperor of Russia, who arrived here yesterday, is spending the day cruising on his old cutter Britannia and in the meanwhile M. Iswolsky, the Russian minister of foreign affairs; Count Benckendorff, the Russian ambasador to Great Britain, and Sir Edward Grey, the British foreign secretary, are discussing matters of diplomacy aboard the admiralty yacht Enchantress.

With the exception of the cruisers forming the escort of the Russian emperor, the great fleet that was here yesterday has dispersed and the roadstead remains in the possession of the racing yachts, assembled for the regatta.

## MORE MEN JOIN STRIKERS

### Labor Trouble at McKee's Rocks Gains in Strength.

Pittsburg, Pa., August 3.—The strike situation at McKee's Rocks today assumed more serious proportions when 155 of the men sent here by the Hudson River company to complete a number of cars for use in the new Manhattan subway, joined the strikers.

There was no disorder connected with the acquisition of the latest recruits to the ranks of the strikers, but the satisfaction of the foreigners was expressed in loud shouts to the extent that the deputies on guard were called from their watch places to quell a riot should one occur.

# UNCLE JOE AN APE?

## Sims, of Tennessee, Uses Harsh Language.

Washington, August 3.—Purchase of automobiles for the private use of government officials was made the subject of a severe attack by Mr. Sims (Tennessee) during consideration of the urgent deficiency appropriation bill in the house yesterday. The senate amendment appropriating $12,000 for the purchase of vehicles for the speaker and the vice president, as well as other senate amendments, was later disagreed to.

Mr. Sims criticised use of automobiles by the quartermaster's department of the army and expressed his conviction that it was an outrage for the government to provide automobiles for private use of officials, while six and twelve dollar pensions were being paid to widows of soldiers and the salaries of clerks were being pared down to reduce expenses.

**Aping Royalty, He Says.**

"I am getting tired of this aping of the ways of royalty," he said. "I can't believe the speaker wants an automobile after he has walked here for thirty-five years."

Asserting that the debate on the senate amendments would afford the senate an idea of the attitude of the house on the various amendments, Mr. Tawney asked that the committee of the whole disagree to all the amendments en bloc.

Mr. Clark, the minority leader, declared that if any of the items for appropriations for automobiles or other items of increased expenditure are agreed to by the house conferees, the bill would never be passed by the house without a quorum present.

Mr. Clayton (Ala.), while agreeing with Mr. Tawney's proposition, said he wanted to know why the provision for a vehicle for the vice president specifically named an "automobile," while the provision for the speaker merely stipulated "carriage or other vehicle."

**Maybe an Aeroplane.**

"Does this mean that we are to provide an aeroplane, a biplane or a monoplane for the speaker?" he asked.

"Maybe a dirigible," suggested Mr. Keifer (Ohio).

"Or does it mean that the speaker is to ride around on a motorcycle like the policemen use?" continued Mr. Clayton.

Mr. Tawney said he would interrogate the senate conferees regarding this and other matters if the bill is sent to conference.

No objection being made, the committee of the whole recommended that the amendments be disagreed to and the house adopted the recommendation.

# THREAT OF REVOLUTION

## Great Labor War Begins Tomorrow and Young Socialists Attempt an Uprising.

Stockholm, August 3.—A labor war throughout Sweden that is scheduled to begin tomorrow threatens to develop in Stockholm into something approaching a miniature revolution. The trouble will be enormously aggravated by the present general strike and lockout.

The members of the Young Socialists party are striving to give the movement a revolutionary character, and the government, warned that a political campaign is going on at the same time, has taken steps to nip the expected disorders in the bud. The authorities have decided, at the first signs of insurrection, to declare Stockholm in a state of siege.

Soldiers are being quartered in different sections of the city and suburbs, and the entire standing army of Sweden is ready for eventualities.

The situation has suddenly taken so serious a turn that King Gustav has summoned the members of parliament to Stockholm, and a special session of the riksdag is expected.

Great consternation prevails in the capital of these unexpected and dangerous developments in the situation. A civil guard corps is being organized for the protection of property, and the banks are closed and carefully gaurded. All the ferries running out of Stockholm have ceased operations, and the large steamers engaged in the summer in carrying visitors and residents to the seaside resorts in the archipelago have suddenly stopped running, discharging their crews and laying up for the winter. This summer traffic is usually continued until the month of October.

It is expected that the present total of about 100,000 idle workmen will be largely increased by tomorrow. It is anticipated also that the cab and street car service in Stockholm will stop running Wednesday, and arrangements are being made today to run the water works and the electric light plants by soldiers.

The bridge leading to the islands adjacent to Stockholm are closely guarded this afternoon.

Many stores already have been closed, and no milk is being delivered in the city. The sale of spirits, beer and wine has been prohibited in both shops and restaurants.

The labor conflict that is at the bottom of this trouble originated in a dispute over wages in the woolen and cotton industries. In the beginning 13,000 men were locked out, and other industries have become involved until yesterday the Employers' Federation declared a lockout of the iron foundry hands, numbering 30,000 men. A total of 80,000 men were reported locked out yesterday, and their numbers are increasing rapidly.

## PLAN PROVES SUCCESSFUL

### Morgan Works Out Reorganization of Great Western.

New York, August 3.—The plan of reorganization for the Chicago Great Western Railway company was today declared operative. This announcement was made by J. P. Morgan & Co., who stated that there had been deposited over 97 per cent of the debenture stock and a large majority of the other classes of stock, making 75 per cent of the total stock issues deposited under the plan.

# THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Tuesday, July 27.—House.—After a session of forty-nine minutes the House today adjourned until Thursday at which time it is expected that the much-talked-of resolution authorizing the tariff conferees to reduce the rates on leather and leather goods below those of the Payne bill will be brought in and acted upon. Some laughter was created by Mr. Clark, the minority leader, remarking that he was being "deviled to death" for information as to when the Democratic conferees were to be called in. "If you can tell me, I'll tell you," was the only consolation he got from Mr. Payne, the ways and means chairman. Mr. Tawney of Minneapolis aroused the House to a high pitch of excitement when he denounced Dr. Charles Richard Van Hise, president of the University of Wisconsin, for having, as Mr. Tawney said, made false charges against him regarding his attitude on the conservation of the national resources.

The senate was not in session today.

Thursday, July 29.—Senate.—The Senate spent half an hour today discussing the question whether a unanimous consent agreement can be abrogated by a unanimous consent agreement. The point was raised by the presentation by Senator Bailey of a request for the cancellation of the agreement to transact no general legislation while the conference report on the tariff bill was pending. Objection was made, and Mr. Bailey withdrew his proposition. During the discussion it appeared that one of the measures which it was desired to have taken up was an omnibus bridge bill, which was being passed by Senator Frye. Senator Nelson asked whether, if Mr. Bailey's request should be granted, the bill known as the South Carolina dam bill would be included. Mr. Frye replied: "It is very important that that dam bill should be passed." The remark of the senator from Maine came so unexpectedly that the Senate was convulsed with laughter.

House.—The Republicans showed up in the house today in great numbers, having been notified to be present in anticipation of the reception of the conference report on the tariff. The report, however, was not forthcoming, and Mr. Mann (Ill.) promptly moved an adjournment until tomorrow. In sentorian tones the Democrats sent up a series of "Noes," but the speaker in the midst of the din announced that the motion had been carried. The House accordingly adjourned.

Friday, July 30.—Senate—When the Senate met today Senator Hale, chairman of the committee on appropriations, reported the urgent deficiency appropriation bill with amendments necessary to carry out certain provisions of the new tariff law. After five minutes' open session the Senate went into executive session, and a few minutes later adjourned until 12 o'clock tomorrow.

House—Entering upon the last stages of its consideration by Congress, the tariff bill as reported by the conferees was submitted today to the House by Chairman Payne and ordered printed in the Congressional Record. Discussion of the conference report will begin at 10 o'clock in the morning, the indications being that a day will suffice for its adoption. Three hundred and fifty of the 390 members were in their seats when Chairman Payne passed up to the speaker's desk the bulky document which has occupied the attention of Congress for four and half months, and then the Republicans broke out into loud applause. Mr. Payne will open tomorrow's proceedings with an exhaustive statement in explanation of the bill. With the conference report out of the way for the time being the House for nearly an hour and a half wrangled over some resolutions increasing the clerical and laborer force of the capitol.

Monday, August 2.—Senate—Several senators insisted that the conference report be read in full today to avoid undue haste, and the senate dragged through a seven-hour session. Senator Daniel opened the debate on the report, charging that the Democratic members of the finance committee had been dealt with unfairly in that they had not been permitted to vote in committee on the adoption of the report. He claimed that an agreement entered into for that purpose with Mr. Aldrich had been violated. Intentional violation was discovered by Mr. Aldrich, who could not agree with Mr. Daniel as to what had occurred between them. Senator Bristow said the bill did not keep party pledges and he would not vote for it. The senate adjourned till 10 o'clock tomorrow.

House—The conference report on the Philippine tariff bill was agreed to by the house today. The measure is supplementary to the Payne tariff bill and is intended to provide enough additional revenue to make up the amount which will be lost to the Philippine government by the enactment of the provision for free trade between the United States and the Philippines. A bill granting a franchise for the construction of a dam across the Savannah river was passed. The remainder of the session was taken up with a discussion of the urgent deficiency appropriation bill as amended by the senate. One of the amendments provided for carriages for the vice president and the speaker, and all of them were disagreed to. The house adjourned until noon tomorrow.

## MORE VESSELS JOIN FLEET

### Three Cruisers Have Returned From European Trip.

Provincetown, Mass., August 3.—The cruiser division, consisting of the armored cruisers North Carolina and Montana and the second class cruiser New York, arrived here today from the Mediterranean and joined Rear Admiral Schroeder's fleet at anchor in the harbor. On board the North Carolina were Lieut. Utley and Dr. Cook, who are expected to leave at once for Annapolis as witnesses in the Sutton trial.

## NO DISASTER IN NAVY

### Rumors of Torpedo Boat Sinking Are Unfounded.

Boston, August 3.—A report current for several hours last night, to the effect that a torpedo boat had been sunk, was believed today to be due either to a prank of some amateur wireless experimenter or to an exaggeration of a Provincetown naval war maneuver story in which ships are "theoretically" sunk. No basis for the report could be found either at Provincetown, where the Atlantic fleet is maneuvering, or at other points along the coast.

## TO CHOOSE NEW PRESIDENT

### Colombia Holds Its National Election Today.

Bogota, Colombia, August 3.—The election of a president of the republic to fill the unexpired term of Rafael Reyes, resigned, is being held today throughout the republic. The actual candidates are Jorge Holguin, acting president, and Gonzalese Valencia. Other men in the field who are regarded as having a chance of election are Marco Fidel Suarez and General Quintaro Calderon. It is probable that two or three days will elapse before the result is known definitely.

## IN LOVE WITH PHOTO—WEDS

### Manufacturer Marries Girl in Picture.

Wooster August 3.—A few months ago Henry Kiel, a manufacturer of Akron, when at the home of a friend, Theodore Boercker, was shown the photograph of a young woman, Miss Bertha A. Bolsdorf, of Germany Mr. Kiel fell in love with the picture and confided to Mrs. Boercker that he believed the young woman in the picture was the one who could make him happy.

Mrs. Boercker wrote to Miss Bolsdorf, who became interested in her unknown admirer. Her parents are well-to-do and when she expressed a desire to visit America, granted her wish, and three months ago she met Mr. Kiel, whose admiration increased when he met the original.

Sunday evening Rev. Herbert Brodt, of the German Evangelical church of this city, at his home, performed the marriage ceremony.

# THE MARKETS

**The Grain Markets.**

Toledo, O., August 3.—Responding at the outset to firmer cables and a generally bullish cast to foreign news, wheat soon afttr the opening began to settle from the effects of depressing domestic factors, including rather liberal receipts and predictions for a big crop in the northwest. Fine prospects for coarse grains also had their influence in weakening the dominant cereal. After opening weak, Liverpool displayed strength from bullish Hungarian and Argentine advices. The gentral impression is, that however bearish the present situation looks, the general statistical position, which shows the world will need practically all of the season's crop for the year's consumption, will prevent anything in tht way of a serious downslide.

While heavy, receipts at Chicago were a trifle less than last year's on the same day. Toledo cash wheat opened ½c lower at $1.07½, September ¼c down at $1.07½, December steady at $1.07¾, and May ⅛c off at $1.10⅛. Cash and the near month remained steady, while the more remote futures evinced an easier tone feeling in the initial half hour.

Toledo receipts were 84 cars, 48 being No. 2 red, one No. 2 white, 13 No. 3 red, 9 No. 4 red and 13 sample. Outside of selling by Armour and Cuter at Chicago no particular reason was given for the decline that set in shortly after the first hour. Cash closed 1¼c lower at $1.06¾, September ⅝c off at $1.06⅞, December 1⅛c down at $1.06⅝, and May 1⅛c lower at $1.09⅝.

Aside from extensive short interests in September, the corn situation appears bearish, though local values were higher in September and December on the call. Crop news is uniformly favorable, but this has been offset right along by light offerings.

Corn closes were Cash 71c, September 68⅜c, December 54⅞c, May 55⅛c.

With the exception of September, which opened ⅜c down at 38c, the oats situation was strong, the vigor probably coming from a natural rally, following recent declines. December opened ⅜c up at 40c.

Closing oats values were: Cash 43c, September 37⅞c, December 39c, May 41c.

Clover seed was steady on the call, and during the early part of the day, with the exception of a 2½c decline in March, which dropped to $7.45 at 10 a. m.

Cash clover seed finished steady at $6.97½, October and December 2½c down at $7.40, and March 2½c advanced at $7.47½.

TOLEDO.

| | Open. | High. | Low. | Close—Aug.3. | Aug.2. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat— | | | | | |
| Cash | 1.07½ | .... | .... | 1.06¾ | 1.08 |
| Sept | 1.07⅞ | 1.07¾ | .... | 1.06⅜ | 1.07⅝ |
| Dec | 1.07¾ | .... | .... | 1.06⅝ | 1.07⅞ |
| May | 1.10⅝ | 1.10½ | .... | 1.09⅝ | 1.10⅛ |
| Corn— | | | | | |
| Cash | .... | .... | .... | 71 | 71 |
| Sept | 69⅝ | 69½ | .... | 68½ | 69¼ |
| Dec | 54 | .... | 54⅞ | 54⅞ | 55⅝ |
| May | 56¼ | .... | .... | 55½ | 56⅞ |
| Oats— | | | | | |
| Cash | .... | .... | .... | 43 | 44 |
| Sept | 38 | 38⅜ | .... | 37⅞ | 38⅝ |
| Dec | 40 | .... | 38⅞ | 39 | 39⅝ |
| May | 41¼ | 41¾ | .... | 41 | 41⅝ |
| Clover Seed— | | | | | |
| Cash | 6.97½ | .... | .... | 6.97½ | 6.97½ |
| Oct | 7.37½ | .... | .... | 7.40 | 7.37½ |
| Dec | 7.37½ | .... | .... | 7.40 | 7.37½ |
| March | 7.47½ | 7.45 | .... | 7.47½ | 7.45 |
| No. 2 | .... | .... | .... | 6.55 | .... |
| Rejected | .... | .... | .... | 5.90 | .... |
| N. E. G. | .... | .... | .... | 5.45 | .... |
| Red— | | | | | |
| No. 2 | .... | .... | .... | 73½ | 73 |
| Timothy— | | | | | |
| Prime | .... | .... | .... | 2.00 | 2.00 |
| Alsike— | | | | | |
| Aug. | .... | .... | .... | 8.30 | 8.30 |
| Old | .... | .... | .... | 8.35 | 8.30 |

CHICAGO.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat— | | | | | |
| Sept | 1.04 | 1.04⅛ | 1.01⅞ | 1.02¼ | 1.03⅛ |
| Dec | 1.01¾ | 1.01⅞ | 1.00⅛ | 1.00⅝ | 1.01⅜ |
| Corn— | | | | | |
| Sept | 65¾ | .... | 64⅛ | 64⅛ | 65⅝ |
| Dec | 54⅛ | .... | 53 | 53¼ | 54⅛ |
| May | 55⅛ | .... | 53¾ | 54 | 55⅛ |
| Oats— | | | | | |
| Sept | 37 | 37⅛ | 36⅝ | 36⅝ | 37⅛ |
| Dec | 37⅛ | 37⅝ | 356⅞ | 37⅛ | 37⅞ |
| May | 39⅝ | 40 | 39⅛ | 39½ | 39⅞ |

NEW YORK.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sept | 1.12 | 1.12¼ | 1.10⅝ | 1.11 | 1.11⅞ |
| Corn— | | | | | |
| Sept | 74 | .... | .... | 72¾ | 74⅛ |

ST. LOUIS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat— | | | | | |
| Sept | 1.01⅞ | .... | .... | 1.00⅝ | 1.01½ |
| Dec | 1.01⅝ | .... | .... | 1.00⅝ | 1.01⅛ |

MINNEAPOLIS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat— | | | | | |
| Sept | .... | .... | .... | 1.01½ | 1.03⅝ |
| Dec | .... | .... | .... | 99⅞ | 1.01⅝ |

DULUTH.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat— | | | | | |
| Sept | .... | .... | .... | 1.02⅜ | 1.04⅛ |
| Dec | .... | .... | .... | 1.00¼ | 1.01⅝ |

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Pork— | | | | | |
| Sept | 20.45 | 20.50 | .... | 20.40 | 20.57 |
| Jan | 16.50 | .... | 16.35 | 16.40 | 16.75 |
| Lard— | | | | | |
| Sept | 11.32 | .... | 11.10 | 11.15 | 11.32 |
| Oct | 11.27 | .... | 11.05 | 11.12 | 11.30 |
| Jan | 9.87 | .... | .... | 9.70 | 9.92 |
| Ribs— | | | | | |
| Sept | 10.95 | .... | 10.80 | 10.82 | 11.00 |
| Oct | 10.65 | .... | 10.50 | 10.52 | 10.67 |
| Jan | 8.87 | .... | 8.87 | 8.70 | 8.90 |

**Toledo Live Stock.**

Toledo Union Stock Yards, August 3.—Receipts of hogs were light but generally bearish advices put down the market 5c to 10c. Cattle, sheep and lambs ruled steady.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, average 200 to 300 lbs., $8.20; mediums, $8.15; Yorkers, $8.10@8.15; light Yorkers, 120 to 140 lbs., $7.90@8.00; stags and roughs, $4.50@7.10; mixed, $8.10; bulk of sales, $8.10@8.15; pigs, $7.70@7.80; comon to light pigs, $6.00@7.00.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 and up, $6.00@6.25; good to choice, $5.00@6.00; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200 lbs., $5.25@5.75; fair to good, 900 to 1,200 lbs., $5.00@5.50; common and light steers, $4.50@5.00; choice fat cows, $4.25@4.75; fair to good cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $2.50@3.50; canners and cutters, $1.50@2.50; prime export bulls, $4.00@4.50; good butcher bulls, $3.50@4.00; fair to good bolognas, $2.50@3.50; common, $2.50@3.00; choice fat heifers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good heifers, $4.00@4.50; common and light heifers, $3.50@4.00; good to choice feeding steers, $4.00@4.40; fair to good feeders, $3.50@4.00; stockers, good to choice, $3.50@3.75; stockers, common fair, $3.00@3.50; milkers and springers, $25@60.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $4.50@5.00; good to choice mixed, $4.00@4.50; fair to good, $3.00@4.00; culls and common, $2.00@5.00; yearlings, $5.00@5.50; spring lambs, $7.00@7.75.

Calves—Veals, choice to extra, $7.00@7.50; fair to good, $7.50@8.00; common to light, $4.00@6.00; heavy and pail-fed, $3.00@5.00.

**Pittsburg Live Stock.**

Pittsburg, Pa., August 3.—(By Pittsburg Live Stock Journal.)—Hogs, receipts, 1,000; market steady to shade lower. Heavies, $8.35@8.40; medius, $8.25@8.30; Yorkers, $8.20@8.25; lights, $8.10@8.20; pigs, $7.90@8.00. Sheep, receipts light; market slow, steady. Lambs, $4.00@7.00; sheep, $3.00@4.85. Calf receipts, 200; general market steady. Native calves, $8.00.

**Cleveland Live Stock.**

Cleveland, August 3.—(By Bower & Bower)—Hog receipts, 25 cars; market slow; mediums and yorkers, $6@8.05; pigs, $7.90. Calves, $8. Lambs, $7.25.

**Chicago Live Stock.**

Chicago, August 3.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 3,000; market steady. Beeves, $4.40@7.50; Texas steers, $4@5.60; western steers, $4@6; stockers and feeders, $3@5.15; cows and heifers, $2.25@6.25; calves, $5.50@7.75. Hogs, receipts estimated at 11,000; market weak to 5c lower; light, $7.35@7.85; mixed, $7.30@7.95; heavy, $7.20@8; rough, $7.20@7.40; good to choice, $7.40@8; pigs, $6.60@7.60; bulk of sales, $7.50@7.80. Sheep, receipts estimated at 15,000; market steady; native, $3@5.3e; western, $3@5.35; year